WATSON'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XVI: No. 2 DECEMBER, 1912 Price, 10 Cents

THOS. E. WATSON, EDITOR

Articles by the Editor in this Number

History of the Papacy and of the Popes
Chapter II

The Story of the South and West
Chapter XXIII

An Open Letter to Cardinal Gibbons
No. 8

The Knights of Columbus Endeavoring to Destroy Thos. E. Watson

Educational Department

Book Reviews

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
THOMSON, GEORGIA

BOOKS

BY

THOS. E. WATSON

FOR SALE BY

JEFFERSONIAN PUB. CO.,
THOMSON, GEORGIA

THE STORY OF FRANCE.—In two volumes. Mr. Watson's Masterpiece. The Standard History of France; chosen by the French Scholars as such. Postpaid.....$3.50

NAPOLEON.—Regarded by Critics and Scholars as one of the best Histories of the Man of Destiny. Postpaid.....$1.50

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY.—Just off the press. Printed on splendid paper, richly illustrated. Shows evolution of Roman Catholicism from Paganism to Political Power of later days. Postpaid.....$1.25

LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON.—Vitally interesting—Historically valuable. Illustrated—Beautifully Printed. Postpaid $1.50

HANDBOOK OF POLITICS AND ECONOMICS.—Contains platforms of every political party. Filled with valuable data, invaluable to teachers and students. Postpaid.... 50c

LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.—Another of the series of Watson Histories. Interesting; Accurate. Illustrated. Postpaid $1.10

PROSE MISCELLANIES.—A collection of essays and prose poems, the cream of Thos. E. Watson's shorter works. Illustrated. Postpaid $1.00

SOCIALISTS AND SOCIALISM.—A calm, dispassionate review of the brand of Socialism which is represented by the illogical, un-American method of Herr Bebel and others. Postpaid 55c

WATERLOO.—A masterly description of the decisive battle which cost Napoleon his country and his freedom. Declared by critics to be one of the ablest and best histories of the period. Postpaid 65c

BETHANY.—A Love Story of the Civil War days, founded on fact. Containing interesting historical data; pen picture of "the Old South." Postpaid.....$1.00

THE EXTRAVAGANT AND IMPRACTICABLE METHODS OF FOREIGN MISSIONS EXPOSED. Postpaid..... 50c

A TARIFF PRIMER.—A clear, condensed explanation of the tariff system in the United States. Postpaid..... 25c

SHORT TALKS TO YOUNG MEN.—Full of valuable information and advice. Postpaid..... 25c

SOCIALISM DISSECTED.—Postpaid 10c

SKETCHES OF ROMAN HISTORY.—Invaluable aid to students 30c

LIFE AND SPEECHES OF THOS. E. WATSON.—Contains his speech of acceptance when nominated by the Populists for the Presidency..... 50c

SCRIBNER CHRISTMAS BOOKS, 1912

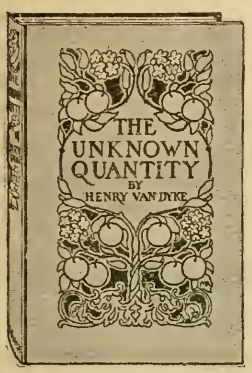
Henry Van Dyke's

First large work of fiction in five years and by far his finest work of prose.

The Unknown Quantity

A book of Romance and some Half Told Tales.

$1.50 net; by mail $1.64.



Scientific Sprague

By Francis Lynde

Author of "The Price" and "The Taming of Red Butte Western."

Scientific Sprague is a government engineer with a passion for amateur detective work. This he has the chance to gratify through the tangles of difficulties that enmesh the work of his friend, a railroad superintendent of the old Red Butte Western. How he unravels them is told in the graphic narration of a half-dozen exciting and mysterious episodes.

Illustrated.

$1.25 net; by mail $1.35.

Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse

By Eugene Field.

Illustrated by Florence Storer.

Nobody ever caught, held and imprisoned in print so successfully as Eugene Field, the Christmas Spirit.

But Florence Storer has duplicated his feat of the pen, with one of the brush. These eight full-page color drawings—not to mention innumerable pen-and-ink sketches of which the Santa Claus above is one—form a perfect complement to the text. A beautiful Christmas present.

$1.50 net, by mail $1.65.

Camera Crusade Through the Holy Land

By Dwight L. Elmendorf.

The author writes as well as he lectures:—that is all need be said of the first third of this book which is text.

But the last two thirds are most beautiful clear full-page photographs —100 in all—of the significant scenes of the Holyland. No one could come nearer to seeing the region without going there than by seing these pictures. There is no book anything like this in that respect:—no such collection of pictures. A list of biblical passages applying to each is given on the page opposite each.

$3.00 net, by mail $3.28.

Dickens' Children

With 10 full-page full-color pictures of DICKENS' famous child characters by **Jessie Willcox Smith.**

$1.00 net; postage extra.

Riding and Driving for Women

By Belle Beach.

Splendidly illustrated.

A Clear, practical, and well-written book by the best professional authority on the subject in this country, giving the results of years of teaching and of riding. The author takes up not only all phases and conditions of riding and driving, but also "dress," harness, and types of saddle and driving horses.

$4.00 net; postpaid $4.38

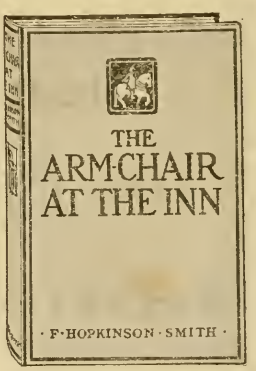
By F. Hopkinson Smith

The Arm-Chair at the Inn

The best he has yet written."—New York Sun.

Illustrated.

$1.30 net; postpaid $1.44.



The Red Cross Girl

By Richard Harding Davis.

You know the excellence of Mr. Davis' stories when they represent the height of his great story-telling talent. These do. The feeling is, he never excelled if he ever equalled "The Red Cross Girl" or "The Grand Cross of the Crescent." The others are worthy to be in the same collection.

$1.25 net; postpaid $1.35.

Charles Scribner's Sons, 153 Fifth Avenue, New York

Now Ready!

The History of
THE ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY

By THOS. E. WATSON

In Book Form $1.25, Postpaid

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING CO.
THOMSON, - GEORGIA

Life and Times of
Andrew Jackson

A Magnificent Book Historical—Valuable

By Thos. E. Watson

Beautifully Printed & Illustrated

$1.50, Postpaid

The Jeffersonian Publishing Co.
Thomson, - Georgia

Watson's Magazine

Entered as second-class matter January 4, 1911, at the Post Office at Thomson, Georgia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Thomson, Ga.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR TEN CENTS PER COPY

Vol. XVI. DECEMBER No. 2

CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE — Winter . . . . . John Joseph Scott.

SERIALS AND EDITORIALS—Thomas E. Watson.

HISTORY OF THE PAPACY AND THE POPES 65

THE STORY OF THE SOUTH AND WEST 69

OPEN LETTERS TO CARDINAL GIBBONS, NO. 8 85

THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS AND THOS. E. WATSON 94

THE ROMAN CATHOLICS HAVE ANOTHER REFORMER KILLED . . . 96

A NEW BOOK OF PROSE MISCELLANIES 108

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT 110

BOOK REVIEWS 119

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE EDUCATED CLASS . Farrar Newberry, A. M. 73

WOMAN'S POSITION IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH . Austin Bierbower . . 77

HUMPHRY GRANGER'S LOSSES 79

THE LAMP—(A Poem) . . . . . Ralph M. Thomson . 84

COL. S. F. NORTON 87

SHALL THE PEOPLE OR SHALL ROME RULE? . Chattin Bradway . . 89

THE LAST MARCHBANKS . . . . . Viola Roseboro . . 97

SOME SIGNIFICANT FACTS IN WASHINGTON CITY 105

REPRESENTATIVES: Geo. S. Krantz, 107 W. 13th Street, New York City; C. S. Parr, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

Winter

John Joseph Scott

He stands upon the threshold gaunt and grim—
With brazen mein he revels in the gloom—
And mocks at scented winds that kiss to bloom
The violets a-dream in shadows dim.

Unmoved, he sees enfeebled Summer fall,
And scorns Love's song, intoned by youthful lips;
Nor does he spare the drooning bee who sips
His meed of sweetness from the flowers all.

The lilies droop and die; o'er sighing strand,
Gray shrouded skies bow down in deep distress—
While sylvan nooks seek peace, in sleep's caress,
Beneath the mantle spread above the land.

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

History of the Papacy and of the Popes

CHAPTER II.

IN the following chapter I will use as an authority: "A Manuel of Church History, by Albert Henry Newman, D. D., LLD., Professor of Church History in Baylor University."

This profoundly scholarly work is published by the American Baptist Publication Society, of Philadelphia.

It was first published in the year 1904. The edition which I am using, however, was brought out in 1911.

The Bible itself tells us that the worship of the early Christians was very free and informal. Dr. Newman, like other theological historians, follows this new testament teaching, and states that the worship consisted of prayer, the singing of psalms, and the reading and exposition of the Old Testament scriptures. (The New Testament was not then in existence.)

The participation in worship was not confined to the official members, but every male member of the congregation was permitted to give his opinions upon these religious matters.

Dr. Newman states that the exercises at one of our ordinary prayer-meetings were very similar to those devotional exercises of the primitive Church.

The Jerusalem Christians met partly for a time in the Temple, and partly in some upper room. The Apostles, in their missionary work, used the Jewish synagogues until they were driven out; then they held their meeting in private houses.

We are told that every primitive Christian was a missionary, working privately among friends and relatives, to convert them to Christ. They preached also upon the street corners. Artisans would spread the Gospel among their fellow-workmen. We are told there was burning enthusiasm among the early Christians, although they had to labor for the most part, in secret.

Christ Himself did not organize any church. Dr. Newman asserts that even after Pentecost the great body of believers in Jerusalem had, for some time, very little organization.

These primitive churches were independent little democracies, although they cultivated brotherly relations which made them interdependent.

The Church at Jerusalem enjoyed a certain pre-eminence because of its priority and because of its identity with the place where Christ had suffered.

Had the religion of Christ become powerful among His own people, Jerusalem might have been the Rome of Christendom.

It is a melancholy reflection that, in all those Eastern countries where the Jewish Apostles labored so zealously and so fearlessly to establish the religion of their Master, there are at present, no native churches.

It is doubtful if a single Jewish missionary is laboring for the conversion of the world to Christ.

Dr. Newman gives the officers of the primitive Churches as follows: first, Apostles. This term was used in the New Testament in the sense of missionaries and itinerant evangelists. So far as the Twelve and Paul are concerned, absolute equality was claimed and conceded.

Second: Prophets. Dr. Newman admits that it is not clear to what extent they constituted a distinct class.

Third: Teachers. It was supposed that some of the most prominent Christian workers enjoyed a divinely appointed gift.

Fourth: Evangelists. These were the men who were believed to be divinely called proclaimers of the Gospel.

Fifth: Presbyters, or Bishops. These were elected by their brethren. Their functions were, administration of discipline, the settlements of disputes among Christians, the conducting of the public services, the administration of the ordinances, the supervision of the Charities, the general oversight of the Church community.

Sixth: Deacons. The term means minister or servant. They were elective, and one of their chief duties was the distribution of the charities of the Church.

As Dr. Newman points out, the religion of Christ is essentially free from mere ceremonialism. Baptism and the Lord's Supper are the two rites that he mentions as peculiar to the Christian religion, and he calls attention to the fact, as Mosheim and others have done, that the supper was really a meal of victuals taken by baptized believers, in memory of their crucified Lord.

* * * *

We are told in profane history how Constantine the Great, made a political alliance with the chiefs of the Christian sects, and how the Christians proved to be the balance of power in his struggle for world-wide supremacy.

At that time the Christian religion had spread from Britian to India. It was firmly planted around the Mediterranean. Many of its votaries held high office. It had accumulated wealth. Sporadic persecutions had but strengthened it. But by the time it was adopted as the State religion of Rome, it had lost its primitive form and purity, and the Churches of the Fourth Century were quite unlike that of the First and Second.

The perversion of the ordinances into supernatural mysteries; asceticism and fanatical seeking of martyrdom, and the idea that salvation could be won by good works were firmly fixed in the Church.

The Christians had adopted a fetichism in the reverence for holy water, holy places, the bones of saints, the cross and the sign of the cross, and so forth.

The pernicious doctrine that the

priest is the sole channel through which the sinner can make his peace with God, pervaded the churches. Elaborate ceremonial had taken the place of the utter simplicity of primitive worship. The allegorical interpretation of Scripture, by which it can be made to support any and all doctrines, had found its way into the Christian religion.

Ecclesiastical offices had been increased, and the power of the bishops vastly augmented.

The use of the candles and the office of acolyte, had been introduced. Exorcists were employed to cast out demons.

By this time the property of the congregation no longer belonged to it: the bishops had almost exclusive power over church funds.

An episcopacy insensibly grew up out of informal synods and councils which were utterly unknown during the first century after Christ.

It began to be claimed that, within the limits of his own community, a bishop had no superior but God. When the emperors began to call these councils, their decisions at once rose to the importance of imperial ordinances obligatory upon churches.

In the Fourth Century, a great amount of worldliness prevailed among the clergy. An almost universal licentiousness was common among all classes of Christians, including bishops, presbyters, deacons and nuns. This is shown by the decrees of the councils themselves.

The celibacy of the clergy was strongly urged, but not yet made obligatory. The central idea was that the Church desired that the priest should stand apart from his fellow-man as an almost supernatural creature.

All authors agree that, when Constantine united the State with the Church, it received far more pagan material than it could assimilate.

Says Dr. Newman: "When the churches had become predominatingly pagan; when pagans of wealth and influence entered the churches in large numbers, especially when they became bishops, as was often the case, it was perfectly natural that the churches should be made to conform to a great extent, to pagan temples; should be filled with images; should introduce saint worship in the place of polytheism."

The evils that Christianity suffered in consequence of the union with the Roman State, were:

First, Christianity was secularized; members were admitted too indiscriminately; the Christian Church modelled itself on the pagan temple. In assuming the pomp of the pagan ritual, the Christians imitated the practices of heathenism.

In other words, when Christianity was made the fashion, the rich pagans joined it *because* it was the fashion.

As the pagans had been in the habit of worshipping gods and goddesses, they continued that habit, in the Christian Church, simply selecting Christian names, instead of the names heathen.

Thus, they gave up the worship of Cybele, the mother of their gods,

and substituted Mary, the mother of Christ.

Instead of paganism surrendering to Christianity, Christianity made a most deplorable surrender to paganism.

Again, the strength of *the hierarchy* was hugely augmented.

Bishops became supreme; supported by the irresistible power of the emperors, the ecclesiastics in their domain, became a counterpart of the great political officers of the empire.

Rome, being the chief city of the West, she was given authority over the bishops of the West, *and here we have the germ of the papacy.*

* * * *

The Romanists pretend to hold The Fathers of the Church in great reverence. Let us see what those authorities say upon the subject of the clergy.

Writing of Baptism, at the end of the second century, Tertullian, one of the most revered Fathers says:

"The highest priest who is the bishop, has the right of administering baptism. *Then* the presbyters and deacons, yet not without the authority of the bishop, because of the honor of the church, which being preserved, peace is preserved. *Otherwise, the right even belongs to laymen.*"

From this passage may be derived very important conclusions.

First, it is clear that, at the close of the second century after Christ, the perfect equality which prevailed in the primitive church had yielded to the encroachment of episcopacy. That is, a *priestly order* had been evolved, and that the layman's right to baptize a convert had been postponed and subordinated to the right of the bishop, the presbyter and the deacon.

Second: the bishop was no longer identical with the presbyter. The bishop had become superior to the presbyter.

Third: each church chose its bishop, just as it did its presbyter and deacon.

Fourth: every bishop was the equal of every other bishop.

Fifth: that the bishops did not pretend to have received their offices *from Christ,* but admitted they were conferred by the local church.

Irenæus, another Father, contemporaneous with Tertullian, declares that the true apostolical doctrine had been handed down by the succession of presbyters. Nothing is said of any successor to the most blessed Peter. Nothing is said about the Church being founded on *one* of the apostles, instead of *upon all.*

Irenæus most distinctly teaches that all the presbyters in the churches were the successors of all the apostles, and that these presbyters constitute the episcopacy.

There is absolutely no intimation of a papacy.

Jerome, another Father, teaching in the 4th century after Christ, declares that the presbyters, *from custom,* rather than from the Lord's ordering, should obey the bishops; and that these bishops should govern the Churches for the common welfare.

Elsewhere, Jerome says that the Apostles plainly teach that the

priests and bishops "are all one" —that is, *equal.*

Thus we see what tremendous strides had to be made in reaching a monarchical church, an infallible Pope, and a line of successors to one Apostle, who monopolizes divine representation here on earth.

In chapters following this, I will historically trace this evolution of the Papacy, as we now have it.

The Story of the South and West

Chapter XXIV.

RONALD AMUNSDEN, the discoverer of the South Pole, was told by the natives, while making his celebrated trip through the Northwest passage, of a race of white people living further North. Amunsden made a search for these people but could not find them.

Professor Vilhjaimar Stefansson, of the American Museum of Natural History was more successful. He spent five years in exploring the "top of the world," and one of his discoveries was the white race of which Amunsden had been told.

These people are living on Victoria Island, 30 degrees east of the mouth of the Mackenzie River, and more than 2,000 miles from the coast line. They are still in the stone age. They are believed to be the descendants of the followers of Lief Ericksen who came from Iceland to Greenland, about the year 1000, and who a few years later discovered the north coast of North America.

Stefansson declares that these white people do not at all resemble the Mongol or Esquimaux type, but are of purely Norwegian origin. They number about 2,000; and live on both shores of Coronation Gulf, on Victoria Island, and on the mainland of North America.

These long-lost people told Stefansson that they had never seen any white men previous to the arrival of his party. Their own physical characteristics are red hair, blue eyes, fair skins and tow-colored eyebrows and beards.

They live beyond the range of vegetation — moss excepted — and their diet is fish and caribou.

It was in 1908 that Stefansson set out upon his voyage of discovery: it was in September 1912 that he landed at Seattle on his return.

Inasmuch as his discovery of the Norwegians is considered of very great ethnological importance, ranking next to the desired discovery of the Lost Tribes of Israel, I give the facts at this point, although they are not in chronological order.

They *do* prove most conclusively that North America was known to the hardy seamen of Scandinavia, hundreds of years before Columbus *discovered the West Indies.*

To those who are acquainted with the character of King Henry

VII. of England—unromantic, avaricious and harsh—it seems almost incredible that he should have listened favorably to the propositions of the Venetian dreamer, Giovanni Gabotta, and should fit him out with a fleet for a voyage of discovery. However, he did so; and in consequence the shores of the mainland of North America were sighted by the Venetian navigator, (whose name we anglicise to John Cabot) on June 24, 1497. For some reason not now discoverable, Cabot's son, Sebastian, is often given the credit of the discovery.

This fleet of five English vessels visited "the bears and rude savages of Labrador," and gave the first impetus to that continuous train of efforts at discovery, exploration and colonization which was made glorious and memorable by so much daring, so much unselfishness, so much endurance, so much tragedy, and such brilliance of final success.

I have already, in connection with the story of Virginia, told of the ventures of Sir Walter Raleigh, and his step-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert. Let me briefly mention that, after Gilbert had perished at sea, his noble brother was not disheartened: on the contrary he put two more ships to sea, under the command of Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlow.

Sailing from England in April 1654 they reached the coast of North Carolina, in July of the same year.

Captain Amidas wrote home to Raleigh an enthusiastic description: "the fragrance, as we drew near the land, was as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden, abounding in all manner of odoriferous flowers."

The white men were given a hospitable reception by the Indians. The report of Captains Amidas and Barlow testifies that, "The people are the most gentle, loving, faithful, void of all guile and treason, and such as lived after the manner of the golden age."

Planting the colony on Roanoke Island, the ships returned to England.

Other expeditions followed, as we have already seen, and tragedy succeeded tragedy. One colony abandoned North Carolina, and sailed home with Sir Francis Drake.

Another colony, left by Sir Richard Greenville, disappeared.

Then came the colony planted by John White (1587) under the commands of Sir Walter Raleigh, of course; and it was in this colony that Eleanor Dare was born—first born child of English parents in the Western world.

It was this colony whose apparent obliteration and mysterious disappearance has given rise to so much speculation.

There is no doubt in my mind that these whites, when their provisions gave out, simply joined the mild, friendly Croatan Indians.

In one of the earlier chapters of this series, was incorporated a very masterly argument, supporting this theory.

Wheeler, the historian of North Carolina, was evidently of the same opinion.

He says:

"Lawson, the earliest historian of Carolina, believes that the English, despairing of all relief, from

the long absence of their friends, amalgamated with the Indians. In confirmation of which he learned from the Hatteras Indians that several of their ancestors were white people, and could talk in a book.

"The truth of which is confirmed by gray eyes being among these Indians and no others."

It is said that Sir Walter Raleigh sent five expeditions to find his lost colony. Failing in all, and exhausted financially, the great Englishman became discouraged, and sold his charter—or trading privileges—to a company of which the rich London merchant, Thomas Smith, was the leading spirit.

Raleigh had spent a sum which in our day would have the purchasing power of at least a million dollars, but had completely failed. It was not until 69 years after Captains Amidas and Barlow had landed on the fragrant shores of North Carolina, and had written home about the loving Indians, living the life of the Golden Age, that a prosaic man, by the name of Roger Green led a colony from Virginia, into the region watered by the Roanoke, the Chowan and their tributary streams.

Previous to that time, however, North Carolina had been the haven of refuge to a few Quakers and Baptists who fled from the religious persecution of other colonies.

* * * *

I have mentioned Sir Francis Drake, who took back to England one of Raleigh's despairing colonies: as he was a famous sea-captain, typical of his age, you may get an illuminating glimpse of those times by reading a letter of his to Queen Elizabeth—a most remarkable document.

It was written in 1589.

"On the 17th we took an observation, and found ourselves in latitude 30 degrees 30 seconds, near a large island, where we had information of a Spanish settlement of magnitude. Seeing some log houses, we decided to make a landing. We unfurled the standard of St. George and approached the shore in great force, that we might impress the enemy with the puissance of Your Majesty. The accursed Spaniards, concealed behind the trees, fired upon us. One of our men was sorely wounded by the Spanish captain, whom we presently made prisoner; and having set up a gallows, we there hanged him in a chain by the middle, and afterwards consumed with fire gallows and all. To us the great God was most merciful and gracious, in that He permitted us to kill eighteen Spaniards, bitter enemies of your sweet Majesty. We further wasted the country and brought it to utter ruin. We burned their houses and killed their few horses, mules, and cattle, eating what we could of the fresh beef and carrying the rest aboard our ships. Having in mind the merciful disposition of your gracious Majesty, we did not kill the women and children; but, having destroyed upon their island all the provision and property and taken away all their weapons, we left them to starve."

The island referred is Cumberland, off the Georgia Coast.

It was on the 24th of March 1663 that King Charles II. "who never *said* a foolish thing, and never *did*

a wise one," granted to a group of royalists all that immense area between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, lying between 31 and 36 degrees of latitude.

One of the grantees was that Cromwellian general Monk, who was mainly instrumental in the restoration of the Stuart dynasty to the throne of England. Charles had elevated him to the dukedom of Albemarle. A curious detail about him is that his virago of a wife held him in complete domestic subjection.

The Earl of Clarendon was another of the donees of this imperial domain in the Western world. His family name was Hyde, and he rose to the Lord Chancellorship of England. His daughter, Anna, contracted a secret marriage with the brother of King Charles II.—he who afterwards became King James II.

Upon the approach of an interesting event, Anna Hyde insisted that her legal marriage to the royal prince be publicly acknowledged by him. The fact of the marriage having proven to the satisfaction of the King, he conceded the justice of the lady's demand.

This acted injuriously upon the position of her father; and not a great while afterwards, he lost his high office of Chancellor.

The other Carolina grantees were Lord Berkeley, Lord Ashley, Sir George Carteret, Sir John Colleton, and Sir William Berkeley, who was at that time Governor of Virginia.

William Drummond was appointed Governor of Carolina, by the same Sir William Berkeley who afterwards had the brave, liberty-loving Scotchman put to death—mocking him as he sentenced him—for his share in Bacon's Rebellion. (1667.)

At that time, the Carolina colony contained about 4,000 inhabitants. Their first assembly to make laws met in 1669, Stevens being Governor.

The historian, Wheeler, says:

"No freer country was ever organized by man. Freedom of conscience, security from taxation except by their own consent, were their first objects."

Immigrants were exempt from taxation for a year, and no one could be sued for a debt contracted outside the colony in less than five years.

Every immigrant received a bounty in land.

"Are there any," asks the historian Bancroft, "who doubts man's capacity for self-government? Let them study the history of North Carolina.

"The inhabitants were restless and turbulent in their imperfect submission to a government imposed on them from abroad: the administration of the colony was firm, humane and tranquil when left to themselves."

The Responsibility of the Educated Class to Public Service

Farrar Newberry, A.M.

DECIDEDLY one of the most hopeful and encouraging signs of late in the system of higher education throughout the land is the increasing realization among the educated men, over and above the sense of satisfaction which comes to them because they know that they have, by reason of their superior advantages and training, a better opportunity in public work and community service, a more thorough understanding of the science by which they and their fellows are ruled, that they are in honor bound to actually participate in the administration of public affairs.

The aloofness of the more highly educated has been one of the lamentable facts of history. But with the advance in the promotion of these public utilities themselves and the elevation of public life to an ever-higher plane has come an appreciation of the serious character of public problems on the part of this so-believed and so-called "aristocracy of learning," which does no less than demand that it fall in line and render to the various social and political betterment movements the stimulus of its very best activities.

In fact it is perhaps now beyond dispute, even by the most classically learned, that upon the educated men of the day falls, in the solution of our public questions, economical, political, social, religious, the very heaviest obligation.

In discussing this obligation, in thoroughly familiarizing ourselves with the purport of this late recognized responsibility, it is very interesting to note some of the graver misapprehensions under which the teachers and educational directors have heretofore, and to an extent still labor—zealously no doubt—and some of the consequent errors into which they have fallen.

One of these deplorable misconceptions of duty has been the idea, sternly maintained by the educated leader, that he cannot afford to neglect his "private business," his classes, his study, his necessary confinement within the walls of his great library, and his hours for literary composure, for the baser pursuits of campaign speaking, instructive lecturing on political and economic themes before the people, or even for voting. The paucity of voters among college professors, even now, is alarming. Firm in the assertion that its vote would be cancelled anyway by the ballot of some inferior "pleb," scholarship has persistently stayed away from the polls, unwilling to get out, pull off its coat and engage strenuously in the work of educating the political concept of the "pleb" up to a plane where the latter could vote as intelligently as it. The fear that his influence, if exerted, would be immediately overturned by some one of less training and smaller advantages, though perhaps in fact with greater natural ability, is one of the compelling elements of the professor's "private business" plea. In the South our professors often, especially twenty-five or thirty years ago, positively refused to go to a poll which permitted the ex-slave and the ex-slave's son to come up behind him and cancel his ballot by placing a contrary ballot on top of it. And indeed in this he has had the majority of intelligent white men of all classes on

his side in the successful attempt to throttle the political power and influence of the black man at the South. The passage of grandfather and similar laws restricting the political liberty of the negro has practically eliminated him, politically, from the administration of affairs in that section.

Speaking now more especially of that portion of the higher educated engaged in teaching, the scholarship of the country has been guilty of still graver error in the very conduct of its own work, viz.: the training of others who themselves must or ought to become political units by reason of their not-far-distant electorship. Indeed, perhaps the greatest present evil of our colleges is the development in the student of a critical spirit which is rather inclined to find fault with all administration of public affairs, and is consequently to that extent anarchistic, than to show any humanitarian desire to work effectively and constructively for the public weal. This is greatly the fault of the teachers, who themselves have been trained in those analytical and critical methods, which, to be sure, are so essential to sound scholarship but which have so often proved misleading. And a man filling so responsible a place as the college teacher certainly does—for he too is verily in *loco parentis*, though not altogether so in the same sense as the teacher lower down—is influential, if not absolutely effective, if he has about him anything in the way of strength in his line of work and personality to command respect, in permanently arousing a critical and destructive spirit among his proteges.

There is, too, though it be not so largely the fault of the teacher, the tendency to encourage college students to shrink from the rough men out in the world who are actively engaged in performing the hardest kind of tasks connected with the carrying on of the world's work, which tasks, though rough, are altogether necessary of accomplishment. I am sure that this shrinking from the big, uncouth forces which are accomplishing these things is more noticeable among the more elite and scholarly than any other class of men. I know one professor in a great State university who, so far from encouraging the reading of newspapers and political periodicals and keeping posted on a great campaign then being waged in the State for a social reform (made a political issue), upon the issue of which absolutely and directly depended the welfare of thousands of families in that State, brought to bear upon his classes all the influence of which he was capable against their "contact with the vile candidates on both sides who are daily slurring one another in this campaign," or reading "the sheets which are printing their slanderous advertisements." Let us hope that the tendency will increasingly be away from this calamitous shrinking from public reform and betterment simply because to gain the good there is necessarily much of evil to be dealt with.

And let us, whenever we find the opportunity, praise that teacher who, on the other hand, encourages his students to pitch in and attempt to remedy existing evils, cure present ills, and clean up and purify the muddled waters which, but for the inactivity and watchfulness of many who ought to be leaders, would perhaps be already clear. There recently came directly under my observation, in one of the larger colleges of the South, an instance where the students had an opportunity of showing that they had been trained by superior and right-thinking teachers. One of the candidates for the United States Senatorship was billed to speak at the courthouse in the town where the university is located. This Senator has for some years been a constant libel on the good

name of the Commonwealth which has through ignorance elected him to office, and has done nothing at all in the way of constructive statesmanship because he is not morally capable of it. An engineering class at the university was scheduled to meet for regular recitation at the hour set for the speaking; but without the request of any of the students the professor adjourned the class and went with the boys to the court-house. These fellows, with fifty or more other university students, so far from listening patiently to the harangue of the whiskey-sotted orator, actually raised such a "rough house" as to force the vile champion of liquor and corruption to cease his efforts at speaking and quit the stand. While it is not a creditable deportment that breaks up a public gathering of this kind, yet the effect upon the assembled crowd was altogether wholesome. At any rate it was a far better thing than staying away and allowing the hoodlum and the hoodwinked to run the meeting!

It now especially devolves upon the more highly educated to show their patriotism by taking their share of the responsibility in the execution of good public policies, when the spirit of patriotism is becoming so increasingly strong an attribute among the lower classes in the body politic. The characteristic political attitude of the professor is that of independence. I am sure that if Mr. Hearst had named his party a few years past with a view to really being independent of the graft and greed and corruption which have been so patent in the larger parties in this country, and had upon that plank bidden for the critical scholarship of the country, his ranks would have been very noticeably enlarged.

Teachers should be men of very strong party affiliations, instead of holding off and, when asked their political faith or alignment, mildly asserting that they are "independents." No man, and especially one aspiring to the leadership in any line of human endeavor, should be a slave to party. But leadership in any line can never hope to stand at the head of affairs, politically or socially, without the strong conviction and steadfast adherence to some principles set forth by a strong party organization. The teaching profession must realize that only through an organization sufficiently strong to command the respect of the voter, can victory for righteous reforms be secured, and the cause of social uplift, free from prejudice, plutocratic influence and class pride, be successfully waged.

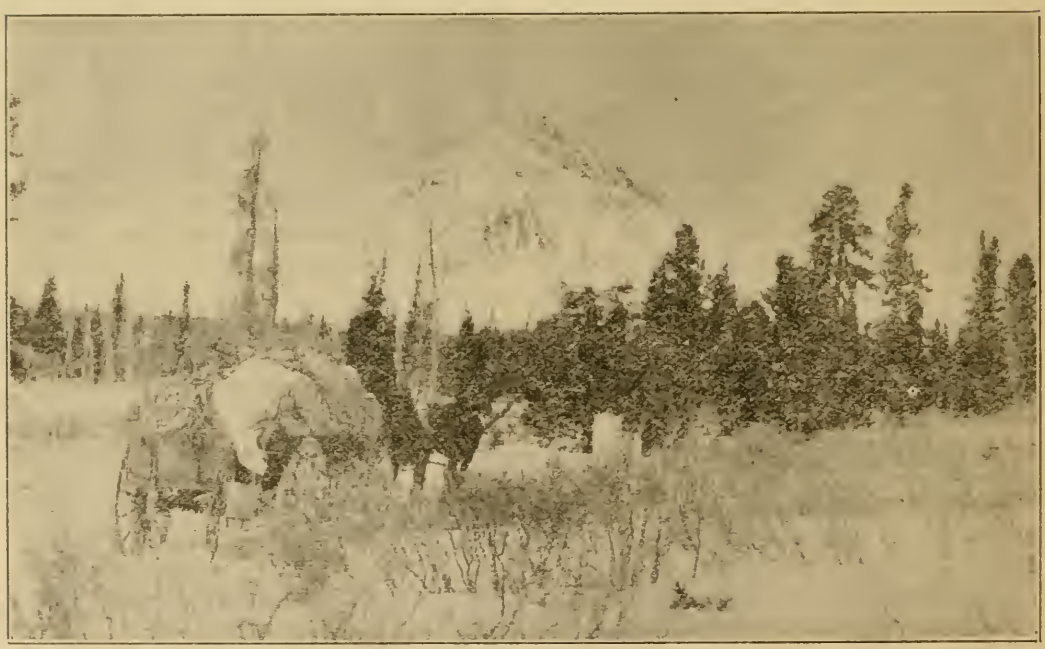
But the scholarship of the country, in entering the lists of any organization, must not be so stern and unbending in its allegiance to its principles as to be wholly unwilling to make any sort of compromise with others, when compromises are for the best interests of the people. Let us consider that most of what we have at all in the way of government is the result of compromise. Our constitutions, Federal and State, are bundles of compromises, and the most learned adept in political science will scarcely question the wholesomeness of the results of those wrangles in which the fathers engaged in the memorable convention which drew our first permanent governing instrument.

Surely the theoretical politician, the student of historical struggles and the science of political government, will not refuse to have anything to do with the practical politicians whom for want of better brains and more righteous hearts the people are allowing to direct the affairs of the world. Let the cultured and refined dealer in philosophic theories remember that while the Greek theorists were striving to make their students understand the doctrines of government set forth in Plato's

ideal republic, the practical politicians were plundering the provinces and bringing to an inglorious end the liberties of the Greeks. Let him recall that the next greatest government in the chronology of history, Rome, fell for practically the same reason. The universal historical results of such platitudinizing as he is now engaged in studying and teaching is a fact demanding the most serious reflection upon his part.

The present graft in politics and corruption in public life, while challenging the best efforts of wise and honest leadership, are at the same time arousing the anger of the commons to an extent that no evil in the history of the world perhaps, not exceeding the Chartist movement of the nineteenth century, has resulted in doing. And if the learned classes in this country, those who really ought to direct affairs, desire to have any part at all in the consummation of the imminent sweeping and general reforms in the public administration, they verily must "up, guards, and at them!"

In conclusion, the educated man must take an increasing part in the laudable public work of self-government. He must shoulder more of the burdens which, per force go with citizenship in a republic. He must actually do something to clarify the bemuddled waters of political corruption, and not simply, from his throne of learning, tell how others ought to perform this work. He must theorize, to be sure; he must have a high ideal; but he must engage in a constant effort toward the practical working out of that ideal. Finally, his work must be engaged in unselfishly, with the aim at doing the greatest good for the people, and not for himself, and with the full realization of the fact that his success in this most laudable work is only consistent with his leaving entirely out of consideration the probable wounding and withering effect upon his own finer sensibilities.



Woman's Position in the Catholic Church

Austin Bierbower

THE position of woman in the Roman Catholic Church is made to emphasize the general spirit of inequality which that church inculcates. Women are subject, and not deemed entitled to or qualified for, the highest position in either Church or State. They may not become priests, cardinals or Pope. They cannot exercise priestly functions. Their only privilege is to *serve* the priests. They may wait on them in private, make sacred vestments for them, work lace, clean the vessels of the church, and do like menial offices. They may teach, nurse, and assist in hospitals and nunneries; but the management and supervision of religious affairs are by men, even where women alone are confined. Far from participating in the rule of the church, they do not enter its councils. The Roman Catholic Church is governed by men only, having a one-sex rule.

The inferiority of women is pronounced in many ways, sex being a disqualification for sacred functions. Only as recipients of divine influences have women a place; they never impart them. They may not administer the sacraments, hear confession, pronounce absolution, or bless the various objects "sanctified." They do not belong to the sacred class. There is something in sex fatal to that holiness which men can impart. God will not work through a woman, but requires the male when turning bread into the body of Christ and forgiving sins. Females were created inferiors, and cursed at birth with impotency in all higher and more sacred matters. They must receive the churchly graces from man, who has her at his mercy in religion. The grace of God was all given to one sex to dispose of.

Women may not preach, as in some Protestant churches, notwithstanding their ability as talkers. Their appearance in the pulpit would be scandalous. They were made to listen as inferiors, to receive advice instead of giving it. One sex alone must tell the world what to do. The orders in religion all come from the males, who have silenced the other half of the world. Women may not even lecture in Roman Catholic churches. The whole spirit of this church revolts against the idea of their being heard.

The Roman Catholic policy is to degrade the low still lower, imposing disabilities on the weak instead of abilities, making the strong stronger and the weak weaker, the great greater and the humble humbler. Woman, weak in a few things, is made weaker in many. There is nothing in the priestly functions that she could not easily do. No ability, intellectual or physical, is required to baptize, administer the eucharist, or perform other duties of the altar. She could chant the service as well as man, hear confession as well, pronounce benedictions and absolution as well, and say mass as well; in fact, she is specially fitted for such things which are clean, easy work, done in-doors, and in the line of household duties.

Female hands, which are best to administer in sickness and love, ought to be best in religion where similar tenderness and neatness are required. The assumption of all the easy places in the church by one sex excludes women from half the "snaps" of life, and, by taking men from other places, for which they alone are fit, compels women to enter such places—as that of scrub. If women did the work of priests, or half of it, many men would

be released for more productive work. The gentler sex could furnish at least half as many good persons for the priesthood as the other.

This idea of the inferiority of women and their unfitness for rule is naturally carried over from Church to State. Women should not, in their view, have more or very different privileges from what they now have, —especially nothing that would make them equal to men in power. Like laymen they are to be ruled. Their place as inferiors is to be preserved by exemption from power. It would make too many thinkers to admit women among the original actors, and so increase the world's independence. Roman Catholics want dependent classes recognized, and in women they have a type of submission. The Roman Catholic Church is jealous of all who assume power. According to its principles there should be fewer, not more, sovereigns. The multiplicity of rulers makes people less controllable. Should women participate in civil government, they would want to do so in church government; and if they get to thinking on politics, they will think on religion, and female theologians will follow female politicians. The church wants fewer theologians, instead of more, and wants more believers in theology. Instead of the makers of creeds, the accepters of them should be increased.

Much of woman's fondness for religion is ascribed to the fact that it is something furnished by man only, in the producing of which her own sex has no part, and to which no woman can aspire. Had women to do with its inception its mystery would vanish, since mystery is possible only on the supposition that another class has it. Making women rulers wipes out a difference between them and men, and a difference on which the church relies—their inequality.

For while women are recognized as inferiors the idea of inequality is plain. An inferior class is furnished; and the fact that there is some inferiority justifies the imputation of more. Inferiority being established, and the distinctions in privileges founded thereon being recognized, the way is easy for the imposition of any number, it being only a question of more or less. Women are made the type of all inferior classes. By sanctifying their weakness, and extending protection and other patronizing favors to it, Roman Catholics believe that women can be reconciled to it, and made content in it, and that this treatment can be extended with like effect to peasants, workingmen and other inferior classes. Anything to keep the many from rising in power is favored, since such rise threatens the destruction of the hierarchy and aristocracy. Independence is death to inequality. When all exercise their private judgment the tyranny of the few becomes impossible. Hence the favored scheme of oligarchists, in Church and State, is to make the many contented in their disabilities, to which end they are willing to give them some comforting anodyne in the shape of protection from burdensome obligations. The priests and nobility are always willing to relieve the women and poor of the cares of government, and to praise their faithfulness and loyalty when they accept this arrangement.

With this view, Roman Catholics oppose higher education for women. In convents they are taught, mainly, embroidery, French, music, painting and other ornamental and household branches, which do not bring their minds to the intellectual contests of the day. Their training is chiefly in the interest of religion, not in power. They do not feel their liberty and capacity for rule. Their lesson is one of subjection of contentment in infe-

riority, and of belief that they will be more loved it they leave power to men, and especially to priests.

With this view, Roman Catholic women take a subordinate position, as do Roman Catholic laymen. They have virtually no place in literature, business or public life. Books written by Roman Catholic women are few. They rarely appear in journalism. While thousands of Protestant women send out works of fiction, poetry, theology and science, forming a majority of writers in some departments, and while editors, correspondents and reporters flourish among them, Roman Catholics are horrified at such work for women. While Protestant clubs abound, in which all current questions are discussed, Roman Catholic women meet for little more than social chat, dancing and other less intellectual amusements, and are shocked at anything like the *salons* of the "infidel" French. While Protestant women are abreast of Protestant men in most intellectual matters, there is a great inferiority of Roman Catholic women to Roman Catholic men in everything but fidelity to the Church.

Humphrey Granger's Losses

CHAPTER II.

"I don't know what is right," I replied sorrowfully; "but if we had found these letters last December, when we looked for them, you would have written to your brother, and he would have been on his way home now. Do perfect honor and honesty depend upon an accident like this? If you could only decide upon what is right, and leave the rest to God!"

"But Lavinia!" he groaned.

"She will love you the better for it," I said, but not in perfect honesty myself, for I did not believe it in my heart. "If I were Lavinia, I would rather go with you into the bush than live upon a brother's birthright."

The remainder of the tinted sheet of paper on the desk before him was filled up with a very different subject, and far less elaborate penmanship than usual. Miss Grainger resented my unfortunate discovery bitterly, and appeared to think there was something felonious in my act of locking up my husband's coat in my own trunk, and that my finding the letter after this interval was part of a conspiracy. Cousin Humphrey, as if to strengthen himself against any return of indecision, made it known throughout Sherwood that Rowland was at length traced out; and at every time of telling the story to some old retainer who remembered his brother, his tone grew steadier and more cordial, as though he would be ready to give the prodigal a hearty welcome. All that was lacking to complete his resignation was Lavinia's reply.

It did not come for several days, during which Humphrey was restless ang anxious; but one morning a letter for him, and another for Miss Grainger, arrived. He carried his away from the breakfast-table to the retirement of the library; but I had the double pleasure of seeing Miss Grainger read hers with a most expressive face, and afterwards of reading it myself. It was a long and very pious letter, full of admiration at the mysterious ways of Providence; extremely affectionate, too, for she said that, though Humphrey had so nobly and generously released her from an engagement long distasteful to her

feelings, she saw nothing to interfere with the sisterly attachment which had existed between them from her cradle. It was this last sentence that lashed Miss Grainger into fury, and ever afterwards rankled in her mind.

"Base creature!" she exclaimed; "it is too true. I have known her from her very cradle, but I could never have believed this. Away with such women! they are not fit to live. Providence! When anybody does a mean, disgraceful, villanous action, they lay the blame on Providence. I have no patience. Oh Mrs. Harry, is it possible that such a woman can be found on English soil?"

I was ashamed to discover in my own heart a latent, hardly-acknowledged sense of satisfaction, not at all sympathetic with Humphrey's unhappiness, but which enabled me to join most cordially in all Miss Grainger's censures; and as nothing has a more reconciling tendency than a thorough unison of antipathy and resentment against another, the false-hearted Lavinia became the bond of union between us. All the morning we mourned over Humphrey, and wept compassionating tears, until, both of us growing anxious about him, Miss Grainger requested me, as a privileged intruder, to venture boldly into his presence.

The library was empty; but the window was open, and I passed through it into the park, where the hay was being made. A glance was enough to convince me that my gigantic cousin was not among the group of haymakers who were loading the wagons with the great cocks which he and I had helped to pile up the day before. I knew Humphrey's haunts well; and a moment's consideration turned my steps to the coppice of fir-trees beyond the park, where a path, slippery with brown needle-like spines from the bough overhead, led to a little meadow inclosed by woods, and sheltered with wild high hedges of rose-brier and thorn. Last night we had been watching the haymakers rake the newly-mown grass into long wavy swaths; and we had lingered after they were gone in the moonlight, sitting under a bowery hawthorn tree in the midst, by whose roots a mountain-brook rushed rapidly and noisily down its narrow channel. The field-gate was swinging upon its hinges, and as I passed through it I saw in an instant that Humphrey was there, lying under the thorn-tree, and motionless—so motionless, that, as I stood afar off straining my eyes to detect some symptoms of animation, my heart beat with a sudden panic, and darting down swiftly to his side, I bent over him, and laid my hand softly upon his uncovered head. Then he moved to shake it off, but did not look up.

"It is only Tory, Cousin Humphrey," I whispered, sitting down beside him.

Cousin Humphrey hid his face upon my lap, and burst into such a passion of tears and sobs as only a strong man long unused to weeping can suffer; while I could say nothing to him, could do nothing for him, but press my hands lightly upon his bowed head, and reproach myself angrily for the unconquerable satisfaction I felt in the cause of his terrible grief.

"What a fool I am!" he exclaimed at last, rising and shaking himself wrathfully. "I don't mind you, Tory; but I could not endure anyone else seeing my weakness. Oh Tory! I have had no hope these ten years but that of making Lavinia my wife."

"She is a hateful—" I began.

"Hush! not yet!" he interrupted, with a look of pain. "You must not say a word against her, Tory. All today every hope and plan I have ever formed have been passing through my mind again; and all the letters she has written, and every word of love, so few

and rare, that she has ever spoken. I shall never be the same man again. See, Tory, here is her portrait."

It was a delicate miniature on ivory, with a smile upon the fair false face. He had been keeping it close in his hand; but as he held it toward me, I snatched it from him in a sudden freak of indignation, and dashed it against the stones of the mountain-stream at our feet. He looked amazed, and in some degree wrathful—this rather slow, impassive, phlegmatic British gentleman; but he made no effort to recover the shattered fragments, already whirling down the tiny eddies of the rejoicing current. He lifted me over the brook, which I had crossed unaided in running down to him, and carried me some paces beyond it, held fast and close in his arms; and as we walked home side by side he rested his hand upon my shoulder, leaning upon me, and being led by me as one blind with rage or sorrow.

Never was I so mortified and humiliated in my life as to perceive how quickly a man can rally after the most cruel blow dealt by the most faithless of our sex. Sadly, with merciless reprobation of Lavinia's perfidy, I allotted many months for the term of Cousin Humphrey's mourning over the blighted hopes of his life, fearing that, as he said, he would never be the same man again. Mr. Grainger was moody, and inclined to an excess in solitary cigars, the next day and the day after; but on the fourth morning I heard him as usual early under my window, whistling his dogs about him, and summoning me imperiously to our customary stroll through the dewy fields. In a week he could laugh as heartily as ever; and before a fortnight had passed he was able to speak of Miss Yardley with Grandisonian magnanimity and courtesy, only smiling at Miss Grainger's very severe strictures, when along the chain of our numerous relatives ran the electric communication that Lavinia was going to marry a clergyman in Cheltenham.

For the first three or four months of my sojourn at Sherwood, the subject of my thoughts and conversation had been the letter that Mr. Grainger had written to my brother, and the reply I anticipated receiving from him. But as the many silent months passed by which could bring no message from my distant home, it seemed as if the limitless sea had flowed over Australia, so forgetful was I grown of its associations, so careless of hearing again of my brother's home. It was almost like the shock of an unexpected event when, at the end of August, a colonial letter arrived addressed to my cousin; and I could hardly conceal or control my agitation as I leaned over the back of his chair to read it with him. It was a very brief and laconic note, written by one of my brother's clerks:

"Sir: I am instructed by Mr. William Burke to reply to yours of Dec. 16th ult. You will oblige him by embarking Mrs. Victoria Sydney Grainger in the next mail-steamer leaving England. Inclosed is a draft for the passage out, and for the incidental expenses incurred by you during Mrs. V. S. G.'s residence under your roof."

Humphrey's sun-burnt face grew more swarthily red as he perused this short epistle, and Miss Grainger bridled with haughty hospitality, though there was something reassuring in this ready remittance, which had no taint of felony or poverty about it. Little was said, but both of them seemed to consider my immediate departure inevitable; and Miss Grainger commenced energetic preparations for it, insisting upon providing me with a thorough English outfit, as if we could not procure similar articles in the colony. She would not rest without making Humphrey go down to Southampton beforehand, wasting

four of my precious days, that he might secure the very best and most comfortable cabin for me; and after his return she studied all the almanacs she could find to ascertain when the equinoctial gales would begin, every evening giving us different and more appalling statement respecting them.

The equinoctial gales had sent no pioneer breeze before them on the third Sunday in September. It was a warm, soft, brilliant day, with the scented fragrance of early autumn pervading the serene atmosphere; a very quiet, peaceful day, with neither business sounds nor the boisterous merriment of village children at play; only the chiming of the church-bells, which rang like a knell to me. I was very miserable, hearing amid the stillness the monotonous splash of waves, as they had followed me during that long separating voyage of my widowhood; a wilderness of desolate waves, which I was again to cross. In the evening I strolled out with Cousin Humphrey, to wander, without aim or purpose, through the fields, as our custom had been all the summer through, talking together in a subdued tone, partly of reverence for the day, and partly of quiet enjoyment. But today I could not talk; and Humphrey, sitting on the stile which divided two of his cornfields, lit his cigar, and smoked in placid silence, while I placed myself on the cross-bar at his feet. These golden shocks of corn, standing erect with plumed heads, I had watched growing from the first tender blade; and they were ripe and ready for gathering in now—memorials of all the pleasant rambles across these furrows since early spring. I remembered Humphrey pointing out to me the first swallow that ventured to try his dusky wings; and here was a whirling, careening crowd of them, shrieking with delight as they darted in and out among the upright sheaves. Australia was so far away! This fond, long, lingering twilight, full of vague suggestions and emotions, dearer to me than the broad common light and darkness of my native land; the wild melody of song ringing from tree to tree, which stirred my heart uneasily though rapturously; those deep, mystic shadows of the broad-leaved trees—I felt that it would break my heart to hear and see all this no more. Yet we sat so still in the fading light of the western sky behind us, that an indolent grasshopper at my feet crawled lazily through the bending spears of grass, not caring to leap out of our motionless shadows; and a linnet in a poplar-tree near us sang deliriously, in an ecstacy of song, as it faced the crimson sunset. I watched and listened, thinking listlessly of the barren and silent waters I had to voyage over, until both grasshopper and linnet disappeared; and, as if I were already come to the moment of my departure, I wrung my hands with a gesture of despair, and turned away my face from Humphrey's scrutiny.

"What ails my little woman now?" he asked, in the lowered, modulated tone he reserved for me, and only used to me upon rare occasions. "What does all this trouble mean at this particular moment?"

"Oh, nothing!" I sobbed; "only foolishness. I feel so tossed about from country to country; and I want to be at rest somewhere. It is so peaceful here! I don't want to leave these singing-birds, and this long, pleasant dusk. I like England best now. I found it out this morning in church when we read, 'forget also thine own people, and thy father's house.' I've done it, Cousin Humphrey; and oh, I am so afraid of that long voyage alone!"

"Is there nothing else you do not want to leave?" asked the same low, tender voice.

"Oh, I don't want to leave you!" I said recklessly; "at least not just yet.

I should like to stay till you were settled at Russett Farm, so that I might know the rooms you were living in when I am away in the colony. I could be of some use to you now, Cousin Humphrey; I could help you now that you are going to be a poor man."

"Tory, if you are to stay any longer with me, it can only be as my wife."

I did not move or speak, but sat like a statue, looking straight forward at the sheaves of corn. There was a breathless pause, for the birds had finished singing, and the swallows, fled to distant fields, were only just visible against the evening sky. The only sound was the tiny rustling of the poplar leaves overhead, clapping continuously together with a small, cheery murmur of applause.

"Stand up, Tory, and look at me," said Humphrey.

I obeyed him. His face was anxious and overcast, and his eyes met mine with a keen and penetrating gaze. I stretched out my hand to him, and he grasped it in both of his.

"Don't let me be a selfish scoundrel, Tory," he said, in a tone of remonstrance; "don't let me take advantage of your impulsive nature. God knows, till Lavinia jilted me, I never thought of this; never felt what a void there would be in my life when my little Australian was gone back to her colony. But I found it out when I discovered that I was not unhappy at Lavinia's desertion. It is this simple, wild, untaught, unfettered little Linnet, that was nestling down in my heart, and making the music of home for me. I shall miss you every hour of the day; every time I cross my fields; every moment I spend alone in my library."

"I will not go," I murmured.

"My darling, you have made one mistake in your generous, impetuous youth. Remember, I am an old man compared to you; impoverished now; rejected, too, by the woman betrothed to me for years. Tory, be careful how you answer me."

"I don't like young men," I answered; and Mr. Grainger laughed at my earnestness, a laugh full of triumph and satisfaction; "and I hate being grand and formal and rich; and, oh, I shall enjoy Lavinia's knowing that she has not broken your heart. I shall make such a good farmer's wife; and you will love me all my life long."

The twilight, lingering as it was, had quite died away before we moved; and then, as we walked home through the dark, Humphrey's arm carefully round me lest I should stumble, I began to tremble for the effect our communication would have upon Miss Grainger. In the hall I paused, and looking timidly up to him, I asked, in a whisper: "How ever are we to tell Eliza?"

"Let us do it at once," he said promptly.

She was studying the equinoctial gales when we entered the drawing-room; and Humphrey, leading me to her with something of the grave deference of his old manner to Lavinia, informed her that I had done him the honor to accept him as a suitor. She did not comprehend him at first; but when the truth dawned upon her, she saw in it only a triumph over Lavinia, and she earnestly entreated that we would be married before that treacherous creature. The next day she wrote to Lavinia's aunt, who was of some remote degree of consanguinity, and gave her a highly eulogistic description of Humphrey's bride—"a young lady quite after my own heart, from the colony of Australia, whose brothers are two of the leading men of Sydney; and who will come into possession of a very large property, bequeathed to her by her estimable father, as soon as she is of age. My brother Humphrey justly considers himself the happiest of men."

We were married, and settled at Russet Farm before Rowland Grainger returned. Never did a fastidious, prejudiced gentlewoman suffer a greater agony of dismay than did Miss Grainger, when unexpectedly one day the master of Sherwood Manor presented himself before her—a brawny, stalwart frame, attired in a blue Guernsey frock belted round the waist, and a bearded, weather-beaten face, round which the hair fell in shaggy locks. But Rowland proved better than we expected. He subsided into a self-contained, rather quiet, and respectable country gentleman, not at all difficult to live with, as Eliza proved, for she continued to reign as lady-paramount at Sherwood Manor; and Rowland was never weary of narrating to her the most extraordinary stories of that long episode in his life which he had spent very far away from the safe domestic circle of anxious relatives, who would have rejoiced in scanning every step of his path from his cradle to his grave.

THE END.

The Lamp

Ralph M. Thomson

Behold a lamp—a vessel wrought of clay—
Designed by One, according to His plan,
To shed a light upon the darkest way,
And called by Him who made the thing—a man!

In coursing blood, perceive the feeding oil—
In flaming heart, the wick for Life to burn;
In gentle love, the shade to soften toil,
And in the breathless frame, the empty urn!

Open Letters to Cardinal Gibbons

No. 8

My dear Prince.

HOW do you like the way the national election went?

Delighted, ain't you?

If I were a sport, I'd be willing to bet a pair of mules and a yoke of steers that you are purring like a happy cat, which had just supped on the canary.

Cardinal, you are an artist. You can make a three-card monte expert look silly. The way you played your game in the Presidential campaign, excites my admiration. Perfection of any kind deserve its tribute, and you have reduced clerical politics and pussy-footing to perfection. Compared to you, Merry del Val is a blundering booby, and Falconio, a nonentity.

It must cause you to chuckle and to chortle and to tickle yourself in the short ribs when you recall how you dealt the cards and played the game.

First of all, you made a monkey out of Count Fosco. (That's President Taft, you know.)

Count Fosco considers himself one of the most accomplished hypocrites that ever covered his villainy with a perpetual smile.

Well, you trimmed *him*, all right.

The Indian-Schools question was up, you know; and you wanted Taft to cancel the order of Commissioner Valentine, who had ruled that the religious millinery and regalia of the nuns must not be worn while they were acting as Government teachers in the public schools, on the Indian reservations.

While the question was pending before the judge, you bribed the court.

While President Taft had that vitally important question before him, *as a judge*, you touched the scales and made it humanly impossible for the President to render an impartial decision.

How did you do this? By pussy-footing to a newspaper reporter, and giving out an interview expressing your preference for the re-nomination of Taft over Roosevelt.

In other words, while your case was pending in court, you dangled before the judge the dazzling bribe of the Roman Catholic vote.

The fish rose to the bait—and you won your case.

Likewise, Taft got his reward in the partly bought, and partly stolen, renomination. With your assiduous ape renominated over Roosevelt, in the *ONE* great party, you turned your attention to the *other* great party.

You pussy-footed and wire pulled, and got yourself—a Republican and a Jesuit—invited to open the Democratic National Convention with prayer. That was a remarkable triumph of clerical, Jesuitical diplomacy.

Next, you legged for the nomination of Woodrow Wilson, whose Romanist environment makes it easy to control him, and whose Jesuit secretary renders it certain that your Papa at Rome will have a private-wire connection with our White House.

Therefore, after the stupidity of the Underwood delegations and the treachery of Bryan had made the nomination of Champ Clark impossible, you were master of the situation.

The Roman Catholic politicians who caused you to be invited to open the Convention, were quite ready to listen to you, in the matter of the nomination—*more particularly since* 100 *of the most influential Roman Catholics of New Jersey had come to Baltimore to work for Wilson.*

My Prince, can you tell us why those one hundred Roman Catholics of New Jersey were so eager to have a so-called Presbyterian nominated for the Presidency?

Was it because Wilson, upon being elected Governor, had immediately appointed more than forty Romanists to the most important offices?

Was it because he had shown such alacrity in signing Bishop McFaul's bill for the partial abolition of civil marriages?

Was it because he employed as his confidential man, Joseph Tumulty, a Jesuit? and made this Jesuit the Clerk to the Supreme Court of New Jersey?

Was it because Wilson had publicly eulogized your pagan, monarchical church as the world's great democracy?

Whatever the motive, Cardinal, you and the one hundred volunteers from New Jersey worked like beavers for the nomination of Wilson.

Through your fellow churchmen, Murphy, Taggart, O'Gorman, Sullivan and Tumulty you accomplished your purpose.

Then, my Prince, you very carefully prepared a political sermon, and you waited for the much worked "psychological moment" to deliver it.

From the pulpit, you urged your people to go to the polls, and vote.

That they understood you to mean "Vote for Wilson"! the Maryland returns prove.

My Prince, you ought to have lived in the days of Talleyrand and Metternich. Our age does not know how to appreciate such genius for intrigue as you possess.

You can come as near sucking eggs, without a hole in the shell, as any American since Martin Van Buren.

The late lamented Thomas Platt was a tyro compared to *you*.

David B. Hill, of regretted memory, might have developed into a clever political strategist, had he gone to school to *you*.

The virtuous Senator William Stone, of "gum-shoe" sobriquet, must feel abashed, every time he looks at a picture of *you*.

The deplorably deceased Arthur Pue Gorman—sometime Senator from your State—voted a fortune into his own pocket, was solid with the Democrats, solid with the Republicans, solid with the Tariff reformers, solid with the stand-patters, solid with Cleveland, solid with Bryan, solid with the Protestants, solid with the Romanists, solid with the whites, solid with the niggers, solid with the Free Silverites, and solid with the Gold-bugs—used to arouse my curiosity.

I mildly wondered where he learned to do it.

The mystery is at last solved:

He learned it from *you*.

P. S.—By the bye Cardinal, in my next open letter to you, I will begin to disembowel that infernal book of yours—a book that contains more lies than any other book ever printed in America.

Col. S. F. Norton: A Voice From the Grave

AS the greater number of our readers know, Col. Norton was one of the pioneer Progressives.

In those days—30 years ago—they were called various pleasant names, such as "cranks," "incendiaries," "fanatics," &c. &c.

Col. Norton stood the storm, as many of us did, and never flinched.

As he looked out upon the evening sun, he found himself a poor man, as thousands of other pioneer reformers have done.

It would seem that he married late, for the daughter who survives him was born in 1897.

To her—when she was too young to comprehend it—he addressed the letter which follows:

My Darling Frances Alice Norton.

My own sweet little baby. For some time I have contemplated writing you a series of letters—maybe daily, maybe weekly; occasionally, anyway. Not for you to read now, but sometime in the future, when the hand that holds this pen shall be folded across my breast in an eternal sleep. No one can foretell when that time will come; but come it must—sometime.

I think I will make a package of them, and request that they be preserved for you, unopened, till you are old enough to read and understand them.

You were five years old Nov. 6—a few months ago. Your birthday anniversary was quite an event in the little home, out at No. 544 Ogden avenue. It was because you were "five years old!" We were all interested in the subject; and it was a matter of daily comment for weeks. One day you informed me very consequentially, as if it were a singular coincidence, that you were "born on your birf-day!"

Yes, you were born on your "birf-day," Nov. 6, 1897. And your "Dada" has loved you ever since, and more and more every day. "Dada" was the first word that you ever learned to say. So your "Dada" has been your "Dada"—and will never consent to be called by any other name as long as he lives.

Your "Dada" cannot find words expressive enough to tell you how much he really loves you. You are his sweet little Frances Alice Norton; his precious darling; his sweetheart darling. He loves you better than any other person that ever lived—and, if you can know how much I loved others, you will better realize how much I love you.

In a book I call "Still the World Goes On," you may read how well I loved my mother—for whom your dear mamma named you Frances; also how well I loved Alice, for your mamma gave you the name of Alice; and how well I loved my father, my brother—and a little baby, Guy Francis Norton (who died many years ago), and a sweetheart who has been sleeping in Graceland for a quarter of a century, and still others who were once dear to him. So that when I tell you that I love you best of all, you may know how much. I think of you every hour that I am awake. Every effort that I am making in life is inspired mostly by my affection for my little Frances Alice.

If I strive for wealth it is chiefly that you may have a competence when you grow up. For I cannot endure the thought that you may have to battle with the world for a living. If I could only be assured that you would never want for the comforts of life, that you may never have to struggle for an existence, as I see thousands of young girls and women struggling all around me in this big, heartless city, why, I should be so happy and so con-

tented! But I am working hard to save up enough to provide for you all your life. I am not hoping that you may life a life of extravagant luxury; that is not a blessing to anyone. I do

Col. S. F. Norton and Little Daughter

not hope to see you a "society woman"—as fashionable women of wealth are now called.

Last night you and I were at home alone. Your good mamma was out attending an association meeting, though she very rarely leaves us for any such purpose. We had a most delightful time. You were a perfect little lady every minute. We did some painting; nothing artistic, but just painting an ordinary bunch. And you helped. You were so pleased and delighted that I let you take the brush and really do some of the work "all by yourself." We talked and chattered constantly; though my recollection is

that you did most of the talking! It was a most delightful evening. You kept awake till about 10 o'clock, and then I undressed you, took you in my arms and rocked and sang you to sleep. I called it "singing," and you thought it was "singing," but I must confess to you confidentially that I can't sing, "even a little bit." I think I have a musical voice, but I can't sing. It would make your mamma laugh, if you should say that "Dada sang to you." But you and I called it singing. I "sang" from Ingelow's "Songs of Seven," and you were asleep before it was really through. Then I put you in your sweet little bed, and you knew nothing about it. Your mamma came soon after. In the night you woke up for a moment, and you asked me, "Dada, has mamma come (tum) home yet?" It was very, very sweet. You love your "Dada" and your mamma both; you love them so well that it is hard to tell which you love most. And they both love you, as much as any little girl was ever loved in all the world.

This is a long letter, for the first one. It is especially long, considering the fact that I have much work on my desk to dispose of.

With more love than I can tell you, I am, Your own

"DADA."

Dec. 3, 1902.

Shall the People or Shall Rome Rule?

Chattin Bradway

AN extraordinary bit of news appeared in the Bulletin (Washington, D. C.), August 13th, as follows:

"A delegation of Roman Catholic priests visited Governor Wilson yesterday at Sea Girt. As Father O'Reilly was leaving the little White House, he said, 'The Roman Catholic Church is not in politics and the Roman Catholics will not permit the church to figure in this campaign. The church has its duty and religion and politics do not mix, any more than vinegar and oil.'"

To one who has been following the trend of recent events and who is acquainted with the political history of this and European nations, the above remark of Father O'Reilly, especially addressed to a man of such wide learning and experience as Governor Wilson, is the extreme of puerility and idiocy.

Are the millions of aroused readers of and earnest workers for such publications as The Menace, Watson's Magazine, The Jeffersonian, The American Citizen, The Liberator, Liberty Magazine, The Converted Catholic, and the members of the Guardians of Liberty, patriotic secret societies and other liberty-loving organizations, all following an *ignis fatuus* in believing that the Roman Catholic Church is the deadliest enemy to American institutions, and that it is not only active, but perniciously active, in politics, National, State and Municipal? Can this mighty intensely alive and rapidly growing army of citizens be all wrong and Father O'Reilly right? Decidedly no. For we all know, and Mr. Wilson knows, that the Roman Catholic Church is so deeply rooted in our political affairs that it is almost a balance of power as between the great parties, and stands ready to cast its influence in favor of those who are willing to serve, not the best interests

of their country, but of the Roman Catholic Church.

Should Mr. Wilson lack knowledge as to the extent of the Roman Catholic Church as a political machine in our nation, he has only to ask his fellow sponsor and booster, Mr. Bryan, who was Rome-defeated several times, and who is now and always has been Rome-silenced. If Mr. Wilson wants to know further about the Roman Catholic Church's activities in politics, he should consult the man who is going down in history as the most servilely Rome-favoring President the country has ever had—Mr. Taft. He might seek more light on the subject from Ex-President Roosevelt, who time and again found it necessary to favor the Roman Hierarchy and thereby paved the way for the easy placing of his successor under the thumb of the Pope.

To know that the Roman Catholic Church is in politics, Wilson has only to recall to mind his experiences with the Hierarchy in New Jersey since he became Governor; he has only to call to mind the large number of priests in attendance at the national party conventions, and to call to mind the Roman Catholics who are gathered around him now as his would-be counsellors. He has only to ask himself why had a delegation of priests called on him at Sea Girt, and why one of these delegates, Father O'Reilly, had seen fit to make the foolish and extraordinary remark that the "Roman Catholic Church is not in politics." Indeed, Wilson is well aware of the position of the Roman Church and he appears to be studiously endeavoring to avoid antagonizing the church vote. Did he not establish a bureau in the city of New York having for its purpose the explaining of the views contained in his writings which are not favorable to certain classes that embrace the Roman Catholic faith? This bureau was sending out lists showing the Governor's Roman Catholic appointees as evidence that he is not discriminating against Roman Catholics. In the Washington Herald of August 13th, an account of the establishment of this bureau as a defensive part of the Democratic campaign is given, together with its purpose. Is this not an attractive bait for the Roman Catholic vote?

There is a deep-rooted conviction that Taft is body and soul under obligation to and apparently in sympathy with the aims and ambitions of the Church, his record of favoring Rome being basis for this conviction.

Father O'Reilly also told Wilson "the Roman Catholics would not permit the Church to figure in this campaign."

Was this an off year for the Church? Why *this* campaign particularly? Was this intended to mean that either Wilson or Taft was acceptable to the Roman Hierarchy, and hence the Church will not take active part in politics this year? At the last Presidential election, Taft was their sole choice and he got practically a solid Church vote, so Mr. Bryan, the defeated candidate said, and so Roman Catholic publications admit.

Before the Democratic Convention, before the uncertainty as to who would be the Democratic standard bearer, the Roman Catholic Church declared for Taft's re-election. From the Pope down to the meanest vote-seller in the Church, with the exception of a few Roman Catholics who are more patriotic than loyal to the Pope in political affairs, the declared choice was Taft.

Lo and behold, Wilson is nominated by the Democratic Convention. The Church changes its unanimous choice for Taft and Wilson had apparently an equal chance with him for the Roman Catholic vote. It is said that politics make strange bed-fellows. How true it is.

It may be objected that Wilson's

writings have killed him with respect to the Roman Catholic vote, but Mr. Objector, it is easy to explain his writings to the satisfaction of the Hierarchy. This is a small matter, for has he not offset it by the generous treatment Roman Catholics have received in New Jersey, since Wilson became Governor? Indeed, had he not a bureau in his campaign organization whose function was to show to Roman Catholics that he is all right to them? Just see the number of Roman Catholic appointments he made! Hence, should he not have the Roman Catholic vote as well as Taft?

Is it not strange how double-faced our Romanists are? Here Father O'Reilly, in one breath says the Church is not in politics, and in another breath he says "it is not in politics in *this* campaign," and in a third breath he says "the Church has its duty, and religion and politics do not mix any more than vinegar and oil." This surely is a conglomeration of contradictions and in reality three absolute lies. The Church is in politics; it was in politics in this campaign; and religion and politics do surely mix to an appalling extent at the present time in this country. Father O'Reilly evidently was talking through his hat; that is to say, he was talking to deceive. He, like the rest of them, observant of the storm of protest and opposition the Church has awakened, wanted to calm the troubled waters; hence, deception and mis-statement were resorted to. A conspicuous example is the sermon preached at the military mass held recently in Washington, D. C.—a sermon pregnant with deception and preached in the presence of Cardinal Gibbons, the Pope's leading representative in America.

Despite the assertions of Father O'Reilly and the rest of the Hierarchy, the Roman Catholic Church is the one most menacingly at work at the present time. The Mormon Church might at some time become a powerful menace, or some other religious organization. Our aim in the present crisis is to give a death blow to the Roman Catholic Church as a political machine, and to let it serve as an object lesson to the Mormon or any other church cherishing hopes of temporal power. In insisting upon the adoption of the first amendment to the Constitution, it was the intention of our forefathers to prevent the development of a religious organization as a political force that might imperil human liberty, and as we have now such an imperiling organization in our midst, it is necessary to shear it of its political power. Therefore, the separation of Church and State, even though it is now publicly professed to be a fact (read the recent military mass sermon at Washington, D. C.), must now be made an issue.

That freedom of speech is endangered, one need but recall General Miles' experience recently at St. Louis, where he attempted to lecture on a patriotic theme, but was prevented by Roman Catholic intervention, and also to recall the recent attempt to punish the Postmaster of Louisville, Kentucky, for attending a patriotic meeting that was distasteful to the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, and so on other instances may be cited.

A most conspicuous illustration of the danger to freedom of press is the recent arrest of Hon. Thos. E. Watson on the framed-up charge of sending through the mail matter which, it now turns out, was copyrighted and which has been transmitted through the mails, by Roman Catholics, mind you, for years without interference. Remember the attempt of the Knights of Columbus and other societies, and of various priests to have "The Menace" and other publications giving publicity to the pernicious political activities of the Roman Catholic Church, excluded from the mails.

Indeed they are now laboring to have a national law passed with this end in view.

The public school system has always been attacked most viciously by the Pope and every prelate and priest in this country. Here are a few of their sentiments:

"Education outside of the Roman Catholic Church is damnable heresy." —Pope Pius IX.

"Education must be controlled by Roman Catholic authorities, even to war and bloodshed."—Catholic World.

"I frankly confess that the Roman Catholics stand before the country as the enemies of the public schools."—Father Phelan.

"The public schools have produced nothing but a godless generation of thieves and blackguards." — Father Schaner.

"It will be a glorious day in this country when, under the laws, the school system shall be shivered to pieces."—Catholic Telegraph.

"We must take part in the elections, move in a solid mass in every State against the party pledged to sustain integrity of the public schools."—Cardinal McClosky.

Should not some candidates defy Rome in this matter?

With reference to the taxation of Church property, President Grant, years ago realized the menace that would inevitably result from vast aggregations of untaxed property, such as the Roman Catholic Church now possesses. In one of his messages he called attention to the matter and urged taxation of such property, yet all these years have elapsed and nothing has been done. It is, therefore, high time for us to tax the Hierarchy for the benefits its property is receiving. In some European countries, their property has been confiscated, and we can point to this to show what will happen to their property here if they do not cease the arousing of the people by pernicious political activity. Which will the Hierarchy prefer, confiscation or equitable taxation?

The use of public money for sectarian purposes is strongly advocated by the Roman Catholic Church, especially for the support of their parochial schools, for the support of hospitals and other institutions, and for building of monuments of prominent Catholics, etc.

Coming now to a law making it a penal offense for priests or ministers to use their official position for influencing voters, it is to be observed that the importance of curtailing the power of the priests in this regard has received consideration, showing that it is in the public mind. In the People's Rule State of Oregon, the people enacted a law forbidding ministers from advocating a political matter unless they do it in a public manner so as to be open to criticism and reply. In Oregon, where the people have never felt the evil effects of a ruling Hierarchy like the Roman Catholic Church, the law is not as drastic as it might otherwise be, nor is it as far-reaching as the present law in Portugal, where the Roman Catholic Church has ruled with a rod of iron for centuries. When Portugal became a Republic, it immediately proceeded to make a law that no minister shall preach on political matters or advocate with his church members any political issue. It would seem fitting and proper that National and State laws similar to that in force in Portugal should be enacted, for in this country the Roman Catholic Church maintains its baneful and menacing power through the control it has over the vote of a large number of its people. This power must be broken and the Catholic people allowed absolute freedom of choice in political matters and as to candidates. There are many Roman Catholics imbued with the American spirit who refuse to follow

the dictates of the priests, yet there are a large number who have not that spirit of freedom and still follow the dictates of their spiritual advisers, but nevertheless they would gladly favor the enactment of a law which would allow them absolute freedom in their political affairs by destroying the power the priest and church now have over them. It therefore rests with those who are fighting Rome to thus give political liberty to this priest-controlled portion of the Roman Catholic vote.

The restriction of immigration would hamper the aim of the Roman Hierarchy "to make America Catholic." At the present time an immigration bill is pigeon-holed in the House of Representatives after having successfully passed the Senate. This particular bill requires a certain educational test, yet the Roman Catholic Hierarchy has used its influence to block its passage, just as it has all other immigration bills in the past. Shall we not at this coming election elect to our National Congress men who believe in the necessity for and who will aid in the passage of an immigration law that will restrict the undesirables of other lands from coming here and menacing our Nation?

As there are decrees now in force directed against Republican forms of government, the People's Rule, and otherwise opposed to our National principles, and as Roman Catholic immigrants must, as loyal followers of the Pope, respect and uphold these decrees, it is advisable and necessary to amend the immigration laws in such wise that no immigrant can be naturalized until he takes an oath foreswearing all allegiance to the power declaring such decrees, excepting allegiance in regard to spiritual affairs.

The Knights of Columbus Endeavoring to Destroy Thos. E. Watson

MORE than a year ago a friend who is personally unknown to me, and who is presumably a Roman Catholic, by faith, sent me a copy of the "Bulletin," which is published by Anthony Matre, of St. Louis, and which is supposed to be read by none but Roman Catholics.

In this privately circulated paper it was stated that the Knights of Columbus had determined to put me out of business.

It was stated that the Knights would prosecute me in the Federal courts.

A few weeks after this threat was made, the newspapers generally began to report that the P. O. authorities in Washington City would institute criminal proceedings.

I immediately telegraphed to those officials, and they assured me that they knew nothing about it, and had no connection with it.

One of the Congressmen to whom I telegraphed, wired me that if I would make some concessions, the prosecution would not be instituted.

Having done nothing more than exercise my right as a free American citizen, I had no concessions to make.

Then came the warrant and the commitment.

The obscene matter which I am charged with having sent through the mails, consisted of a Latin quotation taken from one of the text-books used in the theological seminaries of the Roman Catholic church.

The original book containing those Latin passages has been going through the mails for a hundred years.

Another book, containing translations of those Latin phrases into English, has been going through our mails, unmolested, for more than a generation.

Father Chiniquy quoted these passages in his book, and his book has been going through the mails for thirty years, and is now being sold and mailed out by numerous publishing houses.

But when I quoted these same passages, the Federal government, instigated by the Knights of Columbus, attacks me with the heavy machinery of its judicial department.

You can draw your own inference.

The grand jury, on November twentieth, returned an indictment against me, and the case will be tried in March, 1913.

I was ready for a trial at this term; for some reason, the Federal government and the Knights of Columbus were not.

Now listen: the chapters for which I am being prosecuted are contained in my book, "The Roman Catholic Hierarchy," and we are sending it through the mails every day.

Not the slightest effort has been made to prevent us from sending this book through the mails.

The post office authorities have not even requested us not to do it.

What then, is the inevitable conclusion?

It is that the purpose is to crush me personally, and to put an end to the fight which I have been waging for more than twenty years against the Roman Catholic hierarchy.

I am singled out for persecution, calumniation and ruin, not because I have published what was false, but because I have published what is true, but which irreparably damages this most diabolical pagan hierarchy.

The Federal government does not molest the publishers and book-dealers who are constantly mailing such immoral and obscene works as The Decameron, The Heptameron, The Tales of Massuccio, Burton's Arabian Knights, Flaubert's Madame Bovary, Lola's Nana, Prevost's Manon, Zola's Kruetzer Sonata, Daudet's Sappho, Byron's Don Juan, Fielding's Tom Jones, and scores of other erotic books.

The Federal government does not molest the Hearst Sunday papers.

Therefore, it would seem that the Federal government is being used by personal enemies of mine, for the purpose, not of rebuking immorality, but for the purpose of wreaking private vengeance on a private citizen.

The Roman Catholics Have Another Reformer Killed

THE murder of Professor Ferrer, a few years ago, shocked the world.

Premier Maura was accused, *to his face*, in the Spanish parliament, of having sacrificed the school-teacher to the Clericals. In other words, Maura was accused of judicially murdering Ferrer because the Roman Catholics wanted him murdered.

Why did the wolves want to devour this quiet, non-combatant teacher?

Because he was introducing into priest-ridden Spain a genuine system of modern education.

The priests knew that modern education meant death to their sway, and a loss of about $8,000,000 a year.

So they trumped up false charges against Ferrer, had him secretly tried by a Romanist court-martial, and then had him privately shot.

Maura was dismayed by the storm he had raised, and he resigned.

Moret was appointed to succeed him; and after three months of it, Moret quit.

Then Canalejas was appointed Premier.

In a short time, he brought into the Spanish parliament (Cortes) a bill for the separation of Church and State, taxation of church property, and religious liberty.

Then Rome howled. All the black wolves yapped.

From the Vatican, from the Vicegerent of The Prince of Peace, went forth commands which kindled in Spain the fires of civil war.

Blood flowed like water.

Rome was happy. Rome is never so happy as when drinking blood.

Finally, the King, listening to his Jesuit confessor, withdrew from his Premier the support necessary to success. The reforms slept.

But, a few weeks ago, it was announced that Canalejas would again press his bill; and that, this time, he would have the backing of the King.

Immediately, Rome began to howl.

Immediately, the black wolves began to yap.

The life of Canalejas was threatened.

And now they have taken it.

They found their *one fanatic*, as they always do, and the *one man* did the bloody work.

In the case of Henry II., it was *one* man.

In the case of Henry IV., it was *one* man.

In the case of William the Silent, it was *one* man.

In the case of Abraham Lincoln, it was one man.

In the cases of Garfield, McKinley, Gaynor, and Roosevelt, it was one man.

The case of Canalejas conforms to the historic Romanist way.

It conforms to Romanist teaching.

It conforms to Jesuit record, to the Jesuit oath, and to the oath of that traitor band, The Knights of Columbus.

Yet, it is awfully hard to convince the average American—especially the average Protestant preacher—that Jesuits take an oath to do what they have been doing, ever since the Reformation began to undermine the monstrous system of the Popes.

The Last Marchbanks

Viola Roseboro'

IF you will just step over there to Miss Addington's desk she will talk with you, madam," I heard the managing editor say in tones a little more gentle than were usual to him.

I looked up from my half-finished sentence and saw coming towards me, as if propelled by the wave of the editorial hand, a little, shabby, dainty, delicate old lady. She was dressed in black, and her white withered face was charmingly pretty in those fundamental lines upon which time has least effect.

Resentment swelled within me. The managing editor always put it off on me to deal with the piteous feminine non-competents continually trickling in and out of the office.

"I'm afraid I'm taking up your time, when you are very busy," said the lady, with a gracious little "society" manner, in which, nevertheless, a tremor of timidity and anxiety was all to evident.

Lo, she was a Southerner; there was no mistaking that gentle drawl on the vowels and suppression of the consonants. I shall not try to reproduce the peculiarity of her speech; the written letters cannot convey what it was, except as you know it already, and they seem to coarsen it.

She had a manuscript with her that she hoped might be adapted to the columns of the "Evening Appeal"; she always enjoyed the "Appeal" so very much.

Her manuscript was devoted to picturing details of life on a Southern plantation in the autumn. She had tried to make it timely; she had heard that that was desirable for daily papers. It was not about the far South, but told of things as they might be in Tennessee, or Kentucky, the sorghum pressing, and sweet-potato digging, and hog-killing—

"Oh, I know it all so well," I broke forth.

"You, do you? Why, my dear child, are you from the South?"

How can I tell you all she put into those words?—the glad recognition of a matter-of-course friend and ally; the faint, half-tender reproach that I was so demoralized that she did not know me at once for a compatriot; and the surprise at finding a Southern girl there in that office, surrounded by men, and working away as one of them.

She who had shown no consciousness of anything anomalous in my position before now glanced about the ugly place, even at the upturned desk drawer I was using for a footstool, and put out a little, crooked old hand to pat me pityingly and reassuringly.

When she found I was from Tennessee, and that my name was Addington, we were straightway launched on a tide of interchange and reminiscence.

I was not surprised to find we knew all about each other's families: I had dimly supposed we did when I heard her speak. All Southerners do know, or know of, all the rest, and I had been given of late years rather to escaping than seeking those kindly intimacies they establish as a matter of course when they meet away from home. The exigencies of life had forced me to appreciate them more in the abstract than the concrete.

But only a brute could have withheld a cordial response from this little gentlewoman, and moreover her name

stood for a good deal to my imagination. It was, she told me, Fanny Marchbanks Overman.

I suppose she had been Mrs. Overman nearly forty years; but, being a Southerner, she was still to herself and her friends Fanny Marchbanks as well.

The Marchbanks part was what interested me. My grandfather's most intimate friend, and his partner for many years, had been Judge Marchbanks; and even in my half-foreign bringing up I had learned the traditions of that stout old Whig's loyalty and shrewdness and eccentricity. I had heard too of his daughter; had heard of her as the brilliant young belle who had been my mother's childish ideal of beauty; and now, after all these years and generations and upheavals, here were Fanny Marchbanks and I meeting in the office of the New York "Evening Appeal," and she was a poor old woman wanting to sell an unmarketable manuscript.

That manuscript—the thought of it fell upon me like a pall. The worst was her confidence in me; in my acceptance of it; I had been stealing glances at it while she told me what a "polished gentleman" my grandfather was, and how smooth my mother wore her hair when she was a little girl.

I saw it would be as much as my position was worth to hand it to the managing editor.

I asked her if she had been doing much writing in New York.

Yes, she had been writing here for a year and a half. She had written some stories for one of the dying, old fashion magazines; she had had a Southern sketch in a good weekly; she had sent some letters to her church paper in the South; she had even had some negro anecdotes published in one of the "comic" journals!

I could guess what that dear, simple, girl-like old thing had gone through; the struggle and the poverty and the heart-straining anxiety it had cost to achieve this much. Now she wanted to do more: she wanted to get into other lines of writing, and she thought there must be a great field in the daily papers; and she looked up at me with the light of hope and the waver of fear in her faded, pretty old eyes.

A bright thought came to save me from despair—if only she could be made to share it. A Tennessee Senator had just made some kind of sensation in Congress. I said: "You know Senator Lawton, don't you? Then why can't you take this paper and fix it all up as happening on Senator Lawton's place—you've been there? You can easily make it accurate then. You see that if you can make it fit in with something that is going on, that the papers are full of just now, it will go; it is hardly enough to make it simply about the present season, though that is well; but if you show what the Lawtons' home is like, I am sure you can sell it to 'The Earth,' and they will pay you better than this paper will."

She looked pitifully dubious. "You don't think it would be infringing on the laws of hospitality?" she said.

"You don't need to be personal and Jenkinsy," I hastened to assure her; "and you might write to Colonel Lawton for permission to tell about his sorghum presses."

She smiled in a relieved, reassured way. She listened with deep attention to all I had to say. She had a wonderful adaptability; she caught a new idea as to what was wanted in a way that was highly encouraging.

"I know what you mean," she said, "about the new, curt, quick way of writing. I have noticed it in the papers, only I thought perhaps it was because they couldn't write any other way. But I can try to do it too, if that is what they like up here in the North. And I'll tell anything about

the Lawton place that seems unobjectionable. I'm glad you think he won't dislike it. And now, my dear, I'll take myself away. I'm sure you are giving me far too much time; but you can just tell them, my child, that you don't see anyone every day up here who knows all about you for three generations. Dear, dear, it does seem too bad to leave you here all by yourself so, and you so young. What would your grandfather th— But then your grandfather would be very proud of your talents, Adelene, and he was a man who knew that we have to adapt ourselves to circumstances; and I'm sure these—gentlemen all seem very—very inoffensive." And she overlooked the hard-working, scribbling crowd bent over their desks.

Softly fluttering over me in this fashion to the very elevator door, she finally took her leave.

I soon learned what seemed all the main facts of her little story; her great, tragic human story, filled, as everybody's story is, with experiences at once terrible and commonplace.

She had been left a widow, with two little children, while still a young woman; the children, boys, had both died only a few years later, and she had spent most of her life as a childless widow in her widowed father's house. She was his only child. He had died near the beginning of the war; most of their property had been lost. Mrs. Overman had since then made what shift she could; and now, in her old age, with a courage that had root in inborn gallantry of soul, and also in ignorance of this rough world, she had come to this strange land "the North" to try to make her living by writing.

How foreign and far away this part of our common country seemed to her probably only a Southerner could realize. Fundamental ideas affect many ramifications of feeling as well as thought, and the weakness of the idea of nationality at the South sharpens many a homesick pang in many a traveler and exile who would not understand the phrase.

That Mrs. Overman succeeded as well as she did was a continual marvel to me. There was a dauntlessness about the frail, delicate, lady-bred old woman that made me proud of the civilization—if you will permit the word—that had produced her.

I sympathize with the point of view that finds Southern aristocratic pretensions humorous; they certainly had far less basis for material splendor than the simple-minded aristocrats themselves imagined: and I doubt not that there is and will be in the future something better in this world than any kind of aristocracy; but for the blessings of a commercial democracy we pay a good deal, and my provincial little old woman exemplified the high-hearted virtues of the old regime in her union of fine pride, courage, cheerfulness, and gentleness as nobly as if her claims to blue blood were based on something more imposing than an ancestry of two or three generations of backwoods dignitaries; the obligations of an aristocracy were strong upon her.

I a little dreaded visiting her in her boarding-house. I thought I knew what it would be like, and felt that it would be rather wretched to see her in the midst of its cheap frivolities and poor pretensions; but I found she had discovered for herself a place very different from my imagination—not vulgar, though offering hardships enough to such a one as Miss Fanny, as we must now in common friendliness begin to call her.

"It is a woman's boarding-house, dear; a business woman's house," she explained to me as we sat side by side on an immense hair-cloth sofa in the clean, mournful, self-respecting parlor.

"Miss Mary Barnwell told me about

it before I came on here. You never saw Miss Mary, did you? Your mother knew her; she is a lovely woman; she was Timothy Barnwell's daughter, that endowed the college in Wexville, and Miss Mary teaches there; she comes on to New York in the summer sometimes, and she stops here. It made me feel so much more at home to come to a place I'd heard Mary tell about, and I think it is very sheltered and protected to be in a house without gentlemen—when one is quite alone so."

It was a big, old-fashioned house, and the large rooms were divided up into small ones by wooden partitions: these were long and narrow sections of the original apartment, and each contained two little iron bedsteads. The inhabitants of the business woman's boarding-house were united as roommates without reference to anything but a rigidly inspected respectability all around (surely none but the most respectable of women ever wanted to live there), but each was given a bed to herself.

Miss Fanny found it a little painful to explain these things to me, and a faint red spot came in each withered, delicate old cheek as she said: "It seems a little like what they call an institution up here, doesn't it? But it isn't. The landlady is a New England woman; her name is Martin, and you see she has planned to have the cheapest place that—that—a nice person can live in; and you see it isn't so bad, for it is clean, and it is quite comfortable, I assure you; and you know you are sure that your room-mate is respectable, and everything is arranged for it, so you have a great deal more privacy than you would think. I must take you to my room," she went on, "to show you my father's portrait. Oh, yes, I always have that with me; and you must be able to say you know how Judge Marchbanks looked."

"Of course," she said, on the stairs, "these Northerners are very strange. The lady I am with is named Miss Boggs. You'd think she was—well, rather a common sort of person, from very plain people, you know, on first meeting her; but she is very highly educated; she is studying medicine. She hasn't the polish one finds in our people, but I am sure she has a very fine character, and she is religious, and —and settled in her views; not in the least like we used to be apt to imagine at the South."

She was interrupted by arriving at her door. Miss Boggs was not in. Looking very large, upon the walls of the cell-like little place, hung the portrait in its dingy gilt frame,—you know the kind,—the clothing like solidified smoke, the linen as if molded out of vapor, and the flesh suggesting painted wood; yet the creature who painted it had not succeeded in evading his subject altogether, ample as were his incapacities, and something of the man, the large-minded, able, romantic man that I had heard of, was in it. I even thought I could see in it qualities I already knew in Miss Fanny, especially the receptivity, the openness to new ideas that made her seem so young, and made it possible for her to wage such battle as she had entered upon.

I could imagine, as I looked at the picture, that the Judge, if put down alive in the queer room, would make some sort of intelligent effort to comprehend the conditions around him.

Miss Fanny flecked at the frame with her pocket-handkerchief, she carried me to one side and the other to see the picture, and she impressively told me the name of the poor soul who painted it. Then she sat herself down in front of it, and told me about the Polk and Clay campaign in which Judge Marchbanks and my grandfather had "stumped" the State together—trying politely but fruitlessly to remember as many instances

of triumph and adulation for my ancestors as for hers. That both gentlemen were on the losing side in that contest had never occurred to her as dimming their honors.

I always remember her as she looked that day, like some quaint little priestess before a shrine. She sat in a chair close against the wall, that in the narrow room she might be able to see the picture opposite; her white hair was crimped a little and drawn softly back in a very good compromise between old styles and new,—Miss Fanny was not the person to cling to the old for its own sake,—and at her wrists and neck were, of all things, bits of "thread" lace. Her figure was girlish rather than otherwise, and pretty too, with its nice flat back; but the old black gown was skimpy and shabby, and that made me sorry, because I knew the little woman was not and never would be indifferent to her dress. As she talked away so proudly, so feelingly of "my father," I wondered what place in memory had all the rest of her long past; the wifehood and widowhood and motherhood, the common, blessed warm joys, and common, crushing griefs that fate had bestowed upon her, and which, good and ill alike, she—so little and tender still—had survived. All seemed to have sunk out of sight, to be buried, and only the first ties to be still active and operative despite time and death. I reflected that aftera ll she had spent most of her life with her father, that it was as his daughter she had chiefly found her title to existence, but I did not know at that time the thing that really explained her special devotion to him—the fact that she was then spending herself in his service, for his good name. The filial tie was re-enforced now by one yet stronger, by perhaps the firmest of human bonds, that which binds the server to the served, and at last something like a mother's love mingled with the daughter's loyal adoration of the long-dead man.

I staid to dinner with her—supper she called it, and in fact the bald little meal might as well be termed the one as the other; but she was unapologetically hospitable and graceful over it.

It was not till I came to go home that Miss Fanny's adaptability failed her. "O my child, I cannot let you go out into the street alone. It is bad enough for me; but you, I can't think of it at all."

"Very well, then, Miss Fanny; I'll ring for a messenger boy."

"What for, dear?"

"To go home with me."

"A messenger boy?"

"Why, yes; that is what we do when we are too proper to go alone."

"Mercy on me! My lamb, it is to save you from messenger boys and their like that I'm going with you myself."

"It is perfectly safe anywhere in this part of the town," volunteered Miss Boggs, a big-boned, dust-colored young woman reading a calf-bound volume at a drop-light.

"Yes, Miss Boggs, I know, I suppose it is, and I think it is lovely to see you Northern girls so strong-minded and independent. You could go anywhere; but you see Adelene was not brought up to take care of herself as you were and I feel a sense of responsibility for her. I ought to be a fairy godmother to her, but I can at least take care of her when she is my guest." And she went on getting out her shawl, and settling her bonnet, with the cheery decision of a dear, damaged old canary bird.

Miss Boggs looked at me with curiosity; she had not recognized me as a fragile young Southern blososm before.

Let me give myself the pleasure of saying that I sent my protectress home in a cab, a form of luxury which in the course of our acquaintance I

found she particularly appreciated. She never became accustomed to the city streets, she went about always in a flutter of fear and nervousness; yet she must have done a deal of "going" to get together her little articles and sell them. I saw her down town sometimes picking her way about among the rushing crowds and cars and trucks; going through the great buildings, with their incoming and outgoing streams of humanity eddying around the rows of elevator doors; and in the grimy newspaper offices, where the air was tense with silent activities; and as I looked at the quaint figure, the gentle, half-frightened, high-bred old face, I wondered why she was there. She must have lived some way since the war; why did she not go on now as she had before, and satisfy her ambitions, if she had them, by such lady-like efforts with genteel journals as she had made in the past, which had brought her much neighborhood consideration and a little money, and which did not tear her away from the dingy, dignified, green old home where she was born, and the simple, fixed, old-time life in which she was surrounded by friendliness, albeit most of the friends were gone?

It was gallant, yes, surely there was something to stir the blood in seeing so frail, so unarmed a creature take up the gage of battle against such odds; but it was painful, too. I all but resented the pangs she gave me. One day I said to myself, "This is worse than living one's own struggle over again," and that was a bitter saying. I was standing in one room of a newspaper office when I saw her enter an adjoining one. She went up to the managing editor's desk with her little soft, unbusiness-like manner, and seemed to be asking something. The man did not look up: if he had he surely would have spoken differently; but he was desperately busy, and he simply put his hand in a pigeon-hole and drew out a package of manuscript, saying irritably, as he gave it a shove along the desk, "Not a thing there that's worth a cent to us."

Oh, just the most ordinary business incident in the world; but poor little Fannie Marchbanks Overman! She took up her papers—I noticed again how old her hands looked—and moved away as if she did not quite see where she was going. I drew back out of sight. There are some pains that sympathy can only double.

I often had Miss Fanny at the little flat I kept with a friend, a girl who painted and taught. She never came to regard our establishment as a normal one, and she always hovered about me with a futile overflow of maternal care that was not in the least checked because it reversed the facts of our relationship.

"My baby child," she exclaimed beneath her breath, as she first sat down in our microscopic reception-room and looked about her, "to think of your trying to live in all these Yankee ways. I hope you take good care of her," she said to Amy, patting me softly. Amy looked blank for an instant.

She had an air of relief as well as pleasure when she found me one night dressing for a reception. All her innate love of the decorative and romantic came bubbling forth. "Ah, how becoming that is to you!" she exclaimed. "My father used to say that it was a test of blood and raising for people to dress up; that if there was anything common in them it would come out when they were in their best clothes. And shall you see any of the gentlemen of your office?" she asked, in an elaborately incidental way; and disappointment was in her face when I said I hardly thought I should.

"And they don't any of them come to see you," she went on. "I suppose you don't let them."

"Dear Miss Fanny, it has never come up. I don't think any of them ever thought of coming to see me."

"Dear me! Well, these Northern men are beyond me. I never knew of any gentlemen before who did not think of paying some attention to a charming girl whom they had the privilege of knowing."

Amy, who was standing behind Miss Fanny's chair, turned her eyes and hands to heaven, and then for one instant placed her palms in an attitude of benediction above Miss Fanny's infantine old head.

"I suppose you have to have your meals according to these New York ways, with your dinner in the evening, on Miss Amy's account," she said.

"Yes," I replied, "Amy prefers it so." It was a safe assertion, though I had never heard her express herself on the subject. Like the true Southerner she was, Miss Fanny never ceased to regard New York as the outside, phenomenal thing, and the standard of Wexville as the normal and accepted ones, although in her writing she flexibly enough assumed the other tone. That was mental; the maintenance of ancient standards personally was inarticulately felt to be a matter of loyalty and character.

Miss Fanny and I each experienced some good luck about the same time.

The "Evening Appeal" found occasion to send me abroad, and Miss Fanny obtained a little regular work —the superintendence of the correspondents' column on a weekly paper. This brought her in only the most trivial sum, four or five dollars a week; but it did not take much time, and I knew from experience how happy was the change from total uncertainty to even this sum assured.

I hoped to see her make herself a little more comfortable and treat herself to a new gown. But when I sailed she came to see me off in the same overbrushed little outfit of rusty black that she had worn the day I first saw her.

A number of people visited me at the dock that day, and it has been a bitterly intruding thought since that I did not give Miss Fanny all the attention that God knows was in my heart for her; and it does not soften that reflection, but brings the keener pang, to remember that she was too much absorbed and delighted by my momentary social importance to have any thought of herself.

She went about giving my acquaintances disjointed bits of my history, personal and ancestral; and telling them with tears in her eyes how brave I was living here in New York, away from everything I'd been used to, and starting off now all alone on this voyage, though I was naturally of the most shrinking and feminine disposition. Dear Miss Fanny!

I did very little letter-writing during the eight months I was gone. I heard from Miss Fanny only once; but she was one of those who had urged that I spend none of my precious time reading or writing letters, so I was not surprised at her silence.

When I came back I went to the "business woman's boarding-house" the day after landing to look her up. Amy had just returned from a four months' absence herself—this was in September—and could give me no news of her.

The square was dusty and deserted; the house as I went in seemed peculiarly desolate in its orderly gloom. The servant was a new one; she had never heard of Mrs. Overman, and an indefinite dread began to gather around me. I sent for Mrs. Martin.

She came in colorless, sad dignity, and stood silently before me.

"Tell me," I said.

"She died in this house three months ago."

She sat down.

"I am sorry you were not here. It

was a beautiful, easy death. She was not sick. We found her lying on her bed one day with a letter in her hand, dead."

In the midst of all the formless thoughts and feelings crowding upon me I was pierced by a foolish grief that my little woman should die on one of those prison-like cots, so strange and unhomely to her.

"The letter," Mrs. Martin went steadily on, after a moment's silence, "I had buried with her, but I kept a copy of it. This is it."

I half hesitated.

"I don't think you need mind reading it," she said.

It was very brief. In half a dozen lines Anthony Stottman acknowledged the receipt of a final payment of fifty dollars as wiping out the principal and interest of a debt of three thousand dollars left unpaid in the settling up of Judge Marchbank's estate.

Ah, it was brief, but to what years of pinching and struggle, and high and tender purpose, that awkward paper testified. I saw all those years in a heart-bursting moment's glance. It was love as much as honor that had sustained little Fanny Marchbanks through that long task, so little in itself, so Titanic for her; no stain must rest on the great name her father left behind him. Through more years than I had lived every hour must have been colored to her by this heroic resolution. It had become her reason for living. When she had accomplished this end, the shock of revolution in her outlook, the withdrawal of the great motive, had been too much; the light that had been sustained so long ceased. Mrs. Martin told me that Mrs. Overman had been restless, had almost ceased to write for two weeks before her death, although she seemed well.

Yes, I knew, I knew how, as with a child, the thought of her great achievement had absorbed her, and how she could not be at ease till the sensible testimony of it was in her hand. That brought her ease indeed. Truly it was a beautiful way to die.

"Where—where did you bury her?" I forced myself to ask.

"I was at my wit's ends, Miss Addington. Those I might have learned something from about her relatives were out of town, and I didn't know which way to turn; but at last I put her in my own plot, where I shall lie some day myself. I thought you would come after a while and tell me what to do. She left nothing but a few dollars, seven or eight, but I had things done decently. I know Mrs. Overman was a lady, and that letter showed she was something more, Miss Addington. I was glad to pay her respect." Mrs. Martin concluded with firm downright reflections, "God bless her!"

Miss Fanny had won for herself, in her last strange need, hospitality instead of charity, and with her letter on her bosom she might well be an honored guest.

Some Significant Facts in Regard to Conditions in Washington City

ALL remember well, no doubt, the Wiley-Wilson-McCabe controversy; its Congressional investigation, and the deplorable result in the loss of the services to the Government of Dr. Wiley, head of the Bureau of Chemistry, Department of Agriculture.

Dr. Wiley, Chief Chemist for the United States Government, was the sturdy bulwark against the would-be nullifiers of the National Pure Food Law. He stood for the National health and general welfare against the destroyers of the health of the nation with adulterated food and noxious patent medicines.

Dr. Wiley was in the way of the assassins of national health and must be put down and out. But how?

Solicitor McCabe, of the Department of Agriculture, nullified Chief Wiley's official rulings in behalf of the people. McCabe seemed leagued with the predatory food-poisoners in their raid upon the national health.

The nation cried out against McCabe's strange union with the food adulterators against their friend Wiley. The Congress investigated, upheld, and vindicated Wiley. The President approved the Congressional finding.

But what of McCabe? Both could not be right. Wiley found to be in the right, McCabe, then, must be in the wrong.

Well, McCabe was white-washed, and is still holding down his job in the Department of Agriculture. And Wiley is not there to watch him.

But why was not McCabe ousted?

McCabe is a Papist, and a "prominent" Knight of Columbus of the glittering sword "Fourth Degree" bombastic Irish crowd cutting "the Papal way to the White House." That is the key to the situation. It wound up the President and silenced the Congress. It was on the eve of the national election. The Papal vote was precious. So Solicitor McCabe stayed, and he is staying yet.

Dr. Wiley though, out of self-respect, could not continue with McCabe, and he resigned. Then the Department of Agriculture lost its best officer; one the Government cannot replace in ability and watchfulness of the country's interests, and the people lost as courageous and forceful a champion of their rights as ever stood for law and order.

But McCabe — Mr. Solicitor McCabe! Bah! He hangs on, and thereby the Papists profit. That is all they want. For, has not Archbishop Ireland many times publicly commanded the appointment of Papists to places of public trust simply because of their religion? Yes, certainly; and being in office, will they not give all the good places to their co-religionists first, and after a while, fill all the places with them? Juvenile Judge DeLacy Romanized his Court from two to five officers to nine officers, all Papists—all in five years. And, of such is the kingdom of Papacy. It never fails. And in it is a mixing of government of Church and State—the deadliest menace to free institutions and liberty. The remedy? A National party against a Clerical party. And the sooner, the better.

Congress gives the President of the Nation a private secretary at $7,500 a year. President Taft selected Mr. Hilles to fill the position. Mr. Hilles' wife is a Roman Catholic. That is all right from the standpoint of nature,

but all wrong from the standpoint of the Church.

From the standpoint of observation of the workings of the Romish priesthood, give me an out-and-out Romish-Irish politician for straight political legerdemain in preference to a Protestant politician with a Papal wife dominated by Papal "Fathers" So-and-So. There is always a nigger in every woodpile of that combination. The Papal priest will work the Protestant politician through the Papal wife, and it is the same whether the Protestant party be President of the Nation or president of a bank; or the President's private secretary, or his campaign manager.

Mr. Hilles was promoted by the President from his private secretary to his campaign manager.

A contest arose between Mr. Cabell and Mr. Martin of Virginia, for place of Republican National Committeeman from that State. It went up to the President's secretary to decide. The President's secretary took the Roman Catholic to his bosom, and, later, as the President's campaign manager, made him one of his advisory board of a selected few to re-elect President Taft. It was a mighty hit and it scored with the Romanists.

The President's private secretary, and his Papal wife would seem a sufficiency of Papacy in the White House at one time, but it was not. Mrs. Taft, the President's wife, had a Papist for her private secretary. The Papists were knee deep in clover, for the Romanization of the United States.

The President, this November 14th, announces that Mr. Hilles will soon be back on his old job as his private secretary in the White House. His Papal wife will be at his side. That is right in the regular order of things.

But the Papal priests will make the most of it. Watch them. It is the order of Papacy. Read the Book of Revelations.

Wonder if DeLacy will land again in his Juvenile Court job? Not if the Lutherans know it. But the Papal priests have the inner circle of the White House through the Papal wife of the President's private secretary.

But what difference does it make? The Papal priests are red hot after every Juvenile Court job in the country, simply for the children in it, for Romish purposes, and Mr. Taft is reported as smiling and saying, "Well, if I don't re-appoint Judge DeLacy, I'll have to appoint some other Roman Catholic."

To what a pass have we come! Oh, for a Leonidas!

The other day, Papal delegates from all over the country met in the Papal University of America, here in Washington, ostensibly to discuss charity, but their chief theme was children. Some of them said that ways and means had to be devised to keep Papal immigrant children out of the hands of the "heretics," meaning the Protestants. What struck me most forcibly was the great number of Roman Catholic Juvenile Court officers making addresses. They were from everywhere. It seems as if they run all the Juvenile Courts in the country. Why do the Papists get the Juvenile Courts? Simply to control the children; spirit them into "Houses of the Good Shepherd," and the like for their Romish purposes. There were Juvenile Court speakers from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington — everywhere. Even Judge DeLacy was moved to talk. For shame, too, when we know his damnable practices of forcing nine-year-old girls to submit to sexual examination for proof of chastity to satisfy Jesuitical curiosity.

Then, in a body, those Papal delegates called on the President—just a social call, they said. Nevertheless,

they got the ear of the President for praise of DeLacy. Don't forget that. And it was just before election, too. But the President met his Waterloo. We wonder now what he is going to do with DeLacy!

I have just learned that there have disappeared from the files of the Juvenile Court all record of the cases of the sexual examination, by order of Juvenile Court Judge DeLacy, of girls ranging from the tender age of nine years up.

What has become of those records? It was from them that there were obtained the facts of the Lutheran resolution as published in *Watson's Magazine* and *The Jeffersonian*, and quoted by papers throughout the land. Why have those records been removed? Have they been destroyed? If so, by whom and for what motive? They are gone and it sets us to thinking.

When we remember that the Lutheran resolutions against DeLacy appeared in the *Congressional Record* for him, we were surprised. On seeing those resolutions in the *Congressional Record* for DeLacy, we surmised that the resolutions themselves would then be removed from the Senate files and be destroyed. Perhaps they have been destroyed.

Now learning that the Juvenile Court records, upon which those Lutheran resolutions were based and exactly copied, are missing from their lawful places in DeLacy's Juvenile Court, we are dumfounded. But we will not pass judgment hastily, although DeLacy's Juvenile Court of nine officers is wholly Roman Catholic. They are the custodians of the records of that Juvenile Court of constituted authority—the constituted authority of the United States (?)—and Taft says, "All Roman Catholics are loyal to constituted authority." We rest upon it and hope that the records are not destroyed. But we cannot help but remember the Jesuitical trickery with the *Congressional Record*, as aforesaid, and our confidence is shaken.

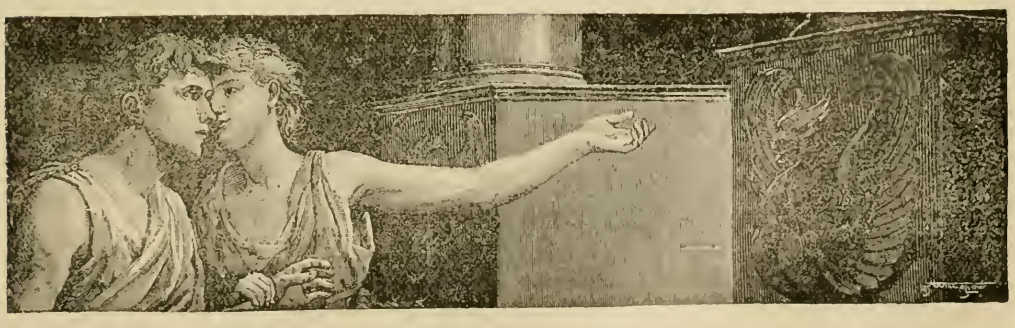
Perhaps Attorney-General Wickersham has those records, or, may be, the President. Truly we hope so.

We await their return to their proper place with doubt. We cannot help thinking that it is another Jesuitical trick in destruction of the public record standing in evidence against them.

In the meantime, we await with interest the President's recommendation in the DeLacy matter, and wonder if it will be another political straddle as in the Valentine garb order, rendered just before election, after a year's delay.

For the sake of free institutions, we hope not.

Indeed, may the President remember his recent Waterloo, and heed its lesson.



A New Book of Prose Miscellanies

MY first book of Prose Miscellanies consists of pieces that are emotional and reflective.

Those articles were the products of the occasional moods into which each of us falls, now and then.

But my new book is made up of writings which cover a wide field of literature, biography, history and personal experience.

I have never done any better work than there is collected in this book of 405 pages—a book printed beautifully on a fine quality of paper, and illustrated with scores of pictures.

(A Table of Contents follows.)

Now what I propose to do is this:

Send to me, personally, a club of 5 new subscribers to this Magazine, or to *The Weekly Jeffersonian*, and I will have mailed to you, postpaid, a copy of my new book.

I want you to write to *my personal* address, for the reason that I want to see who are those readers who are truly interested in my lifework, and who wish to preserve my best writings.

THOS. E. WATSON.

Here is a list of the articles which make up the new book:

CONTENTS—	PAGE.
Random Reminiscences of Toombs and Stephens	1
The Wise Man and the Silly King	27
A Gross Insult to the Scotch	38
Robert Toombs: A Life Sketch; Some Anecdotes, and His Last Public Speech	57
The Glory That Was Greece	83
Edgar A. Poe	101
Wit and Humor	105
The Egyptian Sphinx and the Negro	119
The Passing of Lucy and Rollo	160
Concerning Abraham Lincoln and the Civil War	166
The Struggle of Church Against State in France	185
With Brisbane at Delmonico's	196
The Roman Catholic Hierarchy and Politics	216
The Oddities of the Great	231
Pages Lost from a Book	237
Tolstoy and the Land	244
The Stewardship	250
The Reign of the Technicality	254
Concerning Money	260
A Bitter Attack Upon the South	267
"Take the Children"	279
"Where Am I At?"	287
The Man and the Land	290
Is the Study of Latin and Greek Necessary to the Practical Lawyer?	316
As to Orators and Oratory	324
Socialism and One of Its Great Books	327
Common Sense Education	343
Some Aftermath of the Civil War (Stephens, Toombs, Ben Hill, The Ku Klux Klan, the Colquitt Campaign of 1880, Etc.)	349
Teasing a Single-Taxer	369
Paper Money and John Law	378
The Dartmouth College Decision	384
Thos. E. Watson's Tribute to the Late Sam Jones on His Fiftieth Birthday	390
Our American Judicial Oligarchy	398

"Harvest"—by Vincent Aderente.

Prosperity

There has been a bumper crop.

This is because the tillers of the soil have been industrious, and the rain and the sun have favored their plantings.

There has been industrial activity.

The makers of things in factories have been busy. They have had work to do and pay for doing it.

There has been commercial success.

The people who buy and sell and fetch and carry have been doing a lot of business and they have been paid for doing it.

The country is prosperous because all the people have been busy.

Good crops and good times can be enjoyed only when the Government maintains peace and harmony.

This task of the Government is made comparatively easy because the American people have been enabled to become so well acquainted with each other. They know and understand one another. They are like one family.

The producer and consumer, no matter where they live, are close together.

This is largely due to our wonderful facilities for intercommunication. We excel in our railways, our mails and our telegraphs, and, most of all, in our telephones.

The Bell System has fourteen million miles of wire spread over all parts of the country. Each day there are twenty-five million telephone talks all the way from twenty feet to two thousand miles long.

The raiser of crops, the maker of things, and the man of commerce, all are helped to co-operate and work together for peace and prosperity by means of the Universal telephone.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

AS TO GREENBACKS.

Dear Sir:

(1) Are the Greenbacks all retired, and if so, when retired?

(2) Are the Greenbacks legal tenders?

(3) Are National Bank bills legal tender paper, and if not, on what basis do they have circulation?

(4) What is meant by "free coinage" as advocated by silver men?

(5) Could the holder of greenbacks during the War convert them into Government bonds at their face value?

(6) Did the United States Government ever propose to pay the National Debt in silver or gold at its option, and when? If not, why not?

(7) If silver coin is not a legal tender, why do silver dollars pass current at their face value, and why do National Banks pay out their silver at their counters and refuse to exchange them, as is usually the case, for gold?

(8) Who determines the value of foreign coins?

Yours,

_____ _____.

Steamboat Springs, Colo.

Answer:

(1) No. $346,000,000 still circulate, much to the annoyance of the National Bankers.

(2) Yes. Except for Import dues and interest on Bonds.

(3) The law declares that they are "money" and guarantees their payment: hence they pass as money, but are not, strictly speaking, Legal Tender. The basis of their circulation is the Credit of the Government. The people have to pay taxes to meet the interest on the bonds in order that the National Bankers shall have the vast profit and power of using the Government Credit for their private gain.

(4) The privilege of taking silver bullion to the mint and having it turned into coin on the same terms that are granted to the owners of gold bullion.

(5) Yes.

(6) The Public Debt, at the time it was contracted, was payable in lawful money. The same motives which led the money-Kings to impair the credit of the Greenback with the "Exception Clause," led Congress to change the law to the effect that the bonds should be payable **in Coin.** This of course meant either silver or gold, at the option of the Government. Another step was taken and the bonds are now payable in gold.

(7) Because, under the rulings of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Gold Reserve can be drawn upon to keep silver and paper currency up to the Gold Standard. I presume that National Bankers prefer to keep their gold because it is the money of final payment.

(8) Commercial usage, and the banks. Foreign coins have no legal status. Their value and currency is a matter of private agreement. T. E. W.

ANOTHER YOUTH PUZZLED AS TO LAWYER'S STUDY.

Dear Sir: Will you please answer the following in the Educational Department of your Magazine?

(1) Where can I get a McEllicot's "Debater?" I have been to my book store and they haven't got it, and do not know where to order it from.

(2) I want to be a first class lawyer, and I want to know if it would be better to go on and get a High School and College education, and have all of those dead languages to learn, or get a High School education and read and learn all necessary studies at home, and state what books and where I can get them, which to study first, second, third and all the rest until I have finished my course.

Yours for success,

_____ _____.

Milledgeville, Ga.

P. S.—Is there any use studying ancient history?

Answer:

(1) I find that McEllicott's Debater is out of print.

(2) Get a thorough High School Education and let the dead languages go to thunder. If you want to learn any other language than English, study French.

P. S. Yes: there is a good deal of use

DIAMONDS-WATCHES ON CREDIT

Christmas Presents—Send for Catalog

This Diamond Ring, enlarged to show the handsome mounting, is our great special. Finest quality pure white Diamonds, perfect in cut and full of fiery brilliancy. Specially selected by our diamond experts, and skilfully mounted in our famous Loftis "Perfection" 6-prong ring mounting, 14k. Solid Gold. Cased in dark blue velvet ring box. The four rings here shown are the most popular, although we show all sizes and styles in our large Catalog.

640 -- $ 25. Terms: $ 5 Down, $ 2.50 a Month
641 -- 50. Terms: 10 Down, 5.00 a Month
642 -- 75. Terms: 15 Down, 7.50 a Month
643 -- 100. Terms: 20 Down, 10.00 a Month

Send for this Free Christmas Catalog, telling all about our Easy Credit Plan. Over 2000 illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, etc., at bargain prices for Christmas presents. Select anything desired, have it sent to your home or express office, all charges prepaid. If entirely satisfactory, send us one-fifth of the purchase price and keep it, balance in eight equal monthly amounts. We give better values and easier terms than any house in America. **Write for Christmas Catalog today. Don't delay.**

The Best Gift of All.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO., Diamond Merchants,
DEPT. G 987 100 to 108 N. State St., CHICAGO, ILL.
Branch Stores: Pittsburgh, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo.

in studying ancient history. It is worth a great deal for a man to have a clear general idea of what was done on this earth before he got here.

You don't want to feel bad because of your ignorance when gentlemen with whom you may be talking refer to Semiramis, Alcibiades, Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar and the rest of those ancient celebrities. Oh, yes: read up on history, ancient and modern, so that when you associate with intelligent people you will know what they are talking about.

T. E. W.

FEATURES OF CODE NAPOLEON.

Dear Sir: What are some of the distinguishing features of the "Code Napoleon?"

Which do you consider the half-dozen most important and significant events in the history of the world in 1905? Ditto in the history of the United States for 1905?

Who were the ten or twelve greatest statesmen in the South during the Reconstruction Period?

Dividing the history of the United States from 1860 to 1905, into epochs, what periods would you name?

Did not Roosevelt's administration mark a new period or epoch?

Yours truly,

_____.

Belfast Mills, Va.

Answer:

(1) To answer with any fulness would require more space than we can now spare. The Code Napoleon follows, in a general way, the Roman Civil Law, while most State Codes in the United States are founded upon the Common Law of England.

(2) The war between Russia and Japan; the separation of Norway and Sweden; the defeat of Clericalism in France; the quasi-alliance between Great Britain and France; the overthrow of the Tory ministry in England and the appointment of a Labor Agitator as a member of the Cabinet; the "butting in" of the German Emperor in Morocan affairs; the labor and peasant revolutionary movements in Russia.

(3) The Hearst campaign in New York City; the Roosevelt peace; the Life Insurance revelations; the Lawson articles on Frenzied Finance; the President's declaration for Federal regulation of railways; the set-back to political Bossism in the State and City elections last Fall; the establishment of this Magazine.

(4) Zebulon Vance of North Carolina; George G. Vest of Missouri; L. Q. C. Lamar of Miss., John T. Morgan of Ala., Benj. H. Hill of Ga.; James Z. George of Miss.; Roger Q. Mills of Tex.; James B. Beck of Ky.

(5) The War Period is a distinct epoch; the Reconstruction Period is another, and this period may be said to have ended when President Hayes withdrew the troops from the South.

The election of a so-called Democrat (Cleveland) over a Republican (Blaine) may also be said to have marked the advent of another epoch.

The McKinley-Mark Hanna dispensation was also an epoch and will take its place in history as the high-water mark of class-legislation, Trust making and rotten politics.

Yes; Roosevelt seems to be making himself an epoch—just what sort of one neither he nor anybody else seems to know.

T. E. W.

WHY I CALL NAPOLEON A DEMOCRAT.

Dear Sir: Every month your Magazine grows better and your editorials are great in their unborrowed simplicity, power and

AGENTS SELL LIKE LIGHTNING

A sure money maker. Something new. Sell "Zanol" Concentrated Extracts for making Whiskies, Liquors and Cordials at home. **Saves over 50 per cent. of the liquor dealers' prices.** Makes the genuine article. A few minutes does the work. **Strictly legitimate. No license required.** Used by Liquor dealers for years. Sells in either wet or dry territory. Sam Miller sold over 3,000 packages. Others making $6, $12, $25, $50 a week. You can do it. A big repeater. Small, compact, carry week's supply in pocket. Sample case and agent's outfit free. Enormous demand. Quick sales. Large profits. Better be quick. Territory going fast. Just send a postal. We will show you an eye opener.

UNIVERSAL IMPORT COMPANY
3732 Sycamore Street Cincinnati, O.

naturalness, and in their humble consciousness of truth and right.

(1) **But how do you manage to call Napoleon a Democrat?** I reverence the word Democrat, it is my religion as well as my politics, and I don't like to hear such an unquestioned autohrity as you call him a Democrat. It will be an interesting article, I think, if you answer my objection.

(2) In an answer to a correspondent in regard to the best English histories **you omit the favorite**—my favorite—and I think the best—John Richard Green's "Shorter History of the English People." **Why did you omit it?** Another interesting article.

(3) I can't understand what you mean by saying that the "cry of the people ground down by their masters, was what brought Napoleon back from Elba." I have read your history of Napoleon, too. **Was it not solely his ambition, and he saw in the disaffection of the people a chance to swell his armies?**

Let me congratulate you on Clarence Darrow's story. It has the element that made Burns and Wordsworth.

Please accept my congratulations. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and you and your Magazine a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Yours very truly,
Passaic, N. J. ——— ———.

Answer:

(1) I call Napoleon a democrat because he made war upon caste and privilege, upon Kings and aristocracies, and because he favored universal education, equal opportunities for all, and equal rights for all.

In judging any man, great or small, you must allow for environment.

Born in Corsica, and coming to France to be educated for the army in a royal school, Napoleon could hardly be the kind of democrat the average American boy so naturally becomes.

France was ruled by a King and aristocracy, just as other European nations were. Monarchical institutions, hundreds of years old, stood on every hand.

The Revolution crashed through them

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc.

of Watson's Magazine, published Monthly at Thomson, Ga., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

NAME OF—	POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.
Editor, Thos. E. Watson,	Thomson, Ga.
Managing Editor, Alice Louise Lytle,	Thomson, Ga.
Business Manager, Thos. E. Watson,	Thomson, Ga.
Publisher, The Jeffersonian Publishing Co.,	Thomson, Ga.

Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stock holders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

Thos. E. Watson,	Thomson, Ga.
Alice Louise Lytle,	Thomson, Ga.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities:

None.

THOS. E. WATSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of Sept., 1912.

W. A. HOSS,
Justice of the Peace.

[SEAL.]
(My commission expires January, 1913.)

all, and prostrated them all, but the Revolution could not sustain itself. Reaction set in, and there was danger of a Bourbon restoration.

Napoleon struck in at "the psychological moment," and became the people's King. Personally he became despotic, but his work was always democratic.

I call him a democrat because he made it possible for the poorest boy in France to advance to the highest pinnacle of glory; because he lifted the boycott against men of obscure birth and made merit the test of distinction; because he abolished the outrageous privileges of feudal nobility in every part of Europe which came under his control; because he rebuked the bigotry of priest hood and punished a clerical Ass who had insulted the corpse of an actress; because he scornfully repulsed the flatterers who wished to "make up" a fine ancestral tree for him, and proudly dated his nobility from the date of his first great achievement; because he studied to improve the condition of the common people; because he tried to make school-teaching practical —that is he tried to have his schools fit every boy for the career which that boy's talent was suited for; because he equalized taxation; because he based his administration and his Code upon the broad righteous principle of "Equal Rights for all and special privileges for none."

(2) An oversight. Green's "Short History" is a classic and every library should contain it.

(3) The Bourbons had broken the pledges which they had make as a condition precedent to their being restored. Not until Talleyrand and the other traitors had besought the help of the Czar Alexander, would Louis XVIII even reforms which had been promised.
go through the form of granting the

When the Allied armies withdrew, the Bourbon reaction set in with a headlong rush. The veteran soldiers of the army were affronted brutally by young aristocratic officers who had never smelled gunpowder. Napoleon's officers who had won renown on scores of battle-fields were contemptuously maltreated. The wives of the officers were snubbed by the high-born dames of the old nobility.

The revolutionary and Napoleonic system was being uprooted in various directions, and the people of France realized that the Bourbons meant to restore the Old Order with all of its brutal inequalities and injustice and oppression. The people saw that the Bourbon restoration meant once more the galling chains of the noble and the priest. Hence, when Napoleon came from Elba, the masses of the French hailed him wildly. They followed him with mad cries of "Hang the priests!" The Masses clamored for arms, asking to fight and die for The Man, Napoleon. Even after Waterloo, they clung to him frantically, tumultuously

For Sale 5,000 ACRES OF LAND ON FLINT RIVER, GEORGIA

Ideal Land For Corn, Highland Cotton and General Farming

Partly Improved Heavily Timbered

For Terms Apply to

Thos. E. Watson, - Thomson, Georgia

rallying to him, and begging him to give them guns. Had Napoleon frankly thrown himself into the hands of the masses of the French people, he could have hung the Talleyrands, Fouches and Marmonts, and driven the Allies out of France.

But Napoleon was a soldier of the Military Academy. He had no faith in the fighting quality of "the mob."

Another hundred years had to elapse before the Boers of South Africa could show to the world that if your mob is the right sort of mob, and has the best guns, and can shoot with the best aim, it can knock your painfully disciplined army into a cocked hat.

Yes: Clarence Darrow is a writer of marvelous power. Read his "An Eye for an Eye," and you will realize that the Chicago lawyer has all the genius of Tolstoy when it comes to making a story of thrilling interest out of the commonest human materials. T. E. W.

THE VALUE OF THE "PRODUCING CITIZEN."

Dear Sir: I have seen it stated that the working people of this country make or create $7 worth of wealth for each day in the year. For every man engaged in gainful pursuits do the statistics justify such a statement. If so, we do not get our share. My father is a very great Populist and I aim to make some speeches in the future and will take it as a very great kindness if you will let me know if I will be perfectly safe in making that declaration.

Thanking you in advance, I remain your great admirer.

Van Dyck, Tenn. ——— ———.

Answer:

There are 29,000,000 people in this country engaged in gainful pursuits.

An author (Bolton Hall) who has devoted much study to our economic situation states these producing citizens annually create wealth to the amount of $19,000,000.

You can figure out for yourself how much each worker creates. Ten per cent of our population get almost all the annual production of wealth.

T. E. W.

SAME OLD REPUBLICAN GAG.

My Dear Sir: A Republican here claims that the tariff shuts out the cheap labor of the European countries and on that account, the laborers here in our factories

The Story of France

IN TWO VOLUMES

Thos. E. Watson's Masterpiece

The STANDARD HISTORY of FRANCE
Chosen by the French Scholars as such

PRICE $3.50, DELIVERED

The Jeffersonian Publishing Co.

Thomson, - Georgia

get high prices. He says that the factories of England pay their laborers 12 or 15 cents per day on account of free trade in England. He says children work for 5 cents per day, and railroad engineers get only $4 per month. He says that if this country were to adopt free trade, the factories of the European countries could come over here and buy our cotton and raw products, ship them to England, manufacture them, ship them back here and sell them cheaper than our factories could do it, and the result would be that our factories would be compelled to close down, thus throwing thousands of people out of employment. I think his claims are extravagant. I want you to explain this fully. I want to be loaded for him the next time I meet him, and if I can get "loaded up" on your ammunition, I will dead sure knock him out.

I have read all you have written about the Bank system and am prepared to put up a very fair argument. I don't understand this, Mr. Watson. In a recent issue of your Magazine, you say there is no reason on earth why the Government should not loan the money direct to the people instead of the bankers. Please explain fully just how this could be done. How much per share did Cleveland get for the bonds that he sold on the midnight deal? I have heard it said that he sold them for $125 per share.

Thanking you for the great work you are doing for the common people and with kindest regards to you personally,

I am, very truly,

———— ————.

Grand Prairie, Texas.

P. S.—I am a Georgian. I met you personally on two occasions at Athens. Perhaps you have long since forgotten me. I would consider it an honor to be known by you, and to know you as a personal friend. In '96 I wrote you from Athens for a copy of the P. P. P. I had misplaced my copy wherein you showed up the littleness of Bill Arp's school history of Georgia. You sent me a copy from Thomson; I have it yet.

Answer:

The Republican who told you those things about English wages did not know what he was talking about. The idea of a railroad engineer getting four dollars per month, and factory hands being paid five cents per day! The figures are so ridiculous that even a Protection-soaked Republican ought to know better.

If high Tariffs benefit the laborer, why is it that workmen get better wages in

NAPOLEON

By THOS. E. WATSON

Regarded by Critics and Scholars as one of the best histories of the Man of Destiny

PRICE $1.50, DELIVERED

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

THOMSON, - - GEORGIA

free-trade England than in high-Tariff France, Italy and Germany? If high-Tariffs give the benefit to the laborer why is it that the Salvation Army had to save the factory hands at Fall River, Mass., from starvation, by ladling out free soup? The best paid laborers in the United States are the negroes of the South who raise cotton, a free trade product. The laborer gets a larger share of the cotton he produces than any employee in any protected industry.

In England the wages paid to factory hands are at least equal to those paid in the United States when the amount of the wage is compared with the amount and quality of the product.

Ask your Republican friend if he does not know that his great Apostle, James G. Blaine, made this assertion some thirty years ago.

The statement was not denied then and cannot be denied now.

There is a huge army of the poor and the unemployed in England, but it is not due to Free trade.

It is the natural result of three things.

(1) Land monopoly.

(2) A diabolical financial system.

(3) The host of non-producers who use the government as a means of getting their support and their wealth by oppressing the producers.

The Government could easily establish a Bureau of Loans, and could adopt a business-like system of lending money direct to the people.

This principle has been put in successful operation in Great Britain, Norway, Greece and other foreign countries.

Not long ago, the firm of N. A. Harris & Co., of Chicago, New York and Boston, put out a Circular offering for sale "Sanitary District of Chicago" bonds to the amount of $500,000. As a recommendation of these bonds, Harris & Co., declared in the Circular that the United States Government had accepted the bonds as security for Government deposits.

In other words, the National Banks have been borrowing the people's money out of the Treasury on the faith of these bonds. Of course, the banks paid no interest.

Now does it not occur to you that the Government could as well lend some of that money to you at four or six per cent interest upon security equally good, as to lend it to a favored few without interest?

I do not believe that Mr. Cleveland profited personally by the sale of the bonds. He acted stupidly and he acted in

Watson's "Prose Miscellanies"

This handsome volume contains the cream of Thos. E. Watson's short compositions, published during the last twenty-five years.

The book is being delivered, and is in most attractive form.

The indications are that the book will have a tremendous sale. If you would have your order promptly filled, mail it now, with $1.10 accompanying.

The orders will be filled according to the miller's rule of "first come, first served."

This does not include mailing or expressage

JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING CO., Thomson, Ga.

violation of law. The whole transaction had an ugly look because Morgan had recently been his client and Stetson (who drew the contract) had recently been his partner. But I do not think he acted corruptly.

Mr. Cleveland did not get $125 for the Bonds.

Oh, no. He sold them for 103 1-2, and Morgan, Belmont, Rothschild & Co. immediately realized 112 1-4. T. E. W.

THE EFFECT OF ABOLISHING THE GOLD STANDARD.

Dear Sir: I am a regular reader of your Magazine, having bought the first one ever sold in our town. I like it very much. It speaks my sentiments better than I know how to express them myself. I have never heard but one thing said against your Magazine — one party thought you were a little hard on the darky.

I want to ask one question: If you were elected President of the United States, and had a House and Senate of your own faith and political belief, and you were to abolish the gold standard and the National Banks, what effect would it have upon the country? Would not the banks totter and fall and ruin many depositors? Banks have become a necessity. In your message to Congress, what kind of banks and what kind of money would you recommend?

Yours respectfully,

Blue Hill, Neb. ——— ———.

Answer:

(1) I don't think I have been "too hard on the darkey."

Doctor Booker Washington, spoiled by too much praise, got too gay in his statements concerning the rapid progress of the negro in civilization. The Doctor's idea seemed to be that as soon as you caught a young African, washed him, combed him, put clothes on him, and taught him how to read, write and cipher, he was at once civilized.

I know better than this, and the Doctor does now. He will be more particular how he claims superiority for the negro race, hereafter. Especially since his brethren in Santo Domingo have given that "Republic" another push hellwards.

On that island, one of the most favored spots on the globe, the negroes had the advantage of beginning with an elegant civilization which the French had taught them.

The negroes expelled the French, set up a government of their own, and the record

To Readers of The Jeffersonians:

This knife is made of good steel, has strong rivets, and will last as well as most knives sold at $1.00 cash.

The handle of the knife contains a photograph of our editor, Thos. E. Watson, and is a nice souvenir, as well as a useful article.

We will send this knife to you, postpaid, for two subscriptions to The Jeffersonian or Watson's Magazine. Now, this does not mean your own subscription.

Subscriptions to the Jeff are easy to get, and it will only take a very short time for you to get this knife. Send us two subscriptions to either Watson's Magazine or The Jeffersonian at the regular rate of a dollar a year, total $2.00, and we will immediately forward the knife.

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING CO., Thomson, Ga.

WANTED

COPY OF

MARCH, 1906

WATSON'S MAGAZINE

Address

THE MANAGING EDITOR
Watson's Magazine
THOMSON, - GEORGIA

of their republic has been one of the foulest blurs on the history of the human race. They get worse and worse and worse. There are not a sufficient number of whites in Santo Domingo to keep the negroes straight: in this country there are. **That makes all the difference.**

(2) If I were President and could do away with the Gold standard, restoring the currency to the constitutional status, depriving the National Banks of the privilege of creating paper currency, and exersising that power directly by the use of Treasury Notes, why should the banks "totter and fall?"

A good many of them have tottered and fallen; many more of them are going to "totter and fall." Why? Because the system is rotten. Thousands of individual banks and bankers are as sound as gold dollars, but the system isn't, for the reason that too much bank-made currency, of various sorts, is afloat; the line of credits has been lengthened until it is about to snap; wild-cat speculation is rampant; and thousands of banks are dabbling in business which isn't legitimate banking.

But I am opposed to Banks of Issue—that is, banks which issue their promises to pay and get rich on what they owe. These are the National Banks. Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; restore to the Government the sovereign power of issuing paper currency.

Depositors would not be endangered by our policy of expanding the currency; the more money in circulation, the more certain the depositors would be to get paid.

(3) In my Message to Congress, I would recommend Postal Savings Banks, for the reasons I have frequently stated.

The kind of money I would recommend would be that which the Fathers fixed in the Constitution, and which the practice of a hundred years seemed to render "irrevocable"—a system which had the sanction of Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Monroe, Jackson and Lincoln.

The Constitutional system of currency, as shown by the law and the practice of Presidents, and the decisions of the Supreme Court, is **Silver, Gold, Treasury Notes,** and the silver dollar, was **the unit of money.**

Congress sold itself to Bank of England agents, and changed our system of currency to suit European financiers.

Mr. August Belmont, of New York, could tell you how much Rothschild money his bank spent to bring about the change.

And I hold in my desk sworn evidence that Ernest Seyd, Bank of England Agent, spent $484,000 for the same purpose.

The fight for reform will never stop till you have wiped out that shame, and have put our financial system back on the sound basis built by the Fathers.

T. E. W.

"NEW TIDINGS OF JOY." Edited by Rev. R. H. Dudley and Geo. W. Stapleton. The Progressive Music Co., Eastman, Ga.

This is a collection of some of the most tuneful of the old hymns which we have all been familiar with, from our youth up. There are a number of new hymns too, the whole collection being most desirable for meetings, Sunday Schools, Conventions, etc. The book is splendidly printed, well bound and should be most popular.

A. L. L.

THE WOMEN OF THE DEBATABLE LAND. By Alexander Hunter, Cobden Publishing Co., Washington, D. C.

The author was one of General John S. Mosby's men, a member of the Black Horse Cavalry.

When he writes of the debatable ground in which such deeds of valor were done, one feels that his heart is in his subject.

There is a melancholy refrain of Old Times, a Southern plantation life that will come no more.

The description of conditions and adventures in the Mosby Confederacy, during the Civil War are graphic and most interesting.

The pen-picture of Mosby is that of the ideal cavalier, organizer and fighter. But the Author states, that while the great partisan was admired and obeyed, he was not loved. He ruled by fear and confidence.

There are glowing tributes paid to the women of the Debatable Land, who were of the greatest assistance to Mosby in keeping him informed of the movement of the Union troops.

The Jessie Scouts were Federals uniformed like Confederates, and sent within the lines to act as spies. They were the dread of the Debatable Land.

One of the tragedies resulting from this spy system is vividly related, Gen. Hood figuring in the episode.

The daring Jessie Scout had come near wrecking the campaign of the Second Manassas, detaining Hood's advance to Jackson's relief half an hour.

Other stirring adventeures with these Jessie Scouts are given, the author himself having nearly lost his life to one of them.

Altogether, Mr. Hunter's book is one of the most unique, illustrating and interesting contributions to the literature of the Civil War.

He has exploited a field, and a phase of the mighty struggle of the States which no other Author has done. T. E. W.

MASTERPIECES OF THE MASTERS OF FICTION. By William Dudley Foulke, The Cosmopolitan Press, 312 17th St., New York City. Price $1.40 by mail, $1.25 net.

Mr. Foulke, the author of "Dorothy Day," among the great American novels of our period, the author of "Maya," a lyric poem worthy of the best traditions of the literature of our language, and the author of several other books that rank high in contemperaneous letters; a publicist; for many years the editor and the proprietor of one of our great city dailies; for a generation a student of the literatures of the western world,—where could be found any other man of letters so well qualified as Mr. Foulke to review the masterpieces of the masters of fiction?

The books that he read in his boyhood and in his early manhood he read again when he was of middle age, and once more when he had entered upon the age of the riper wisdom. In this book he reviews those masterpieces only that must endure during all the future ages of man,—those books that become riper with ripening years, our friends that do not desert us, and that we love with increasing fervor.

In these days of many books thousands of tens of thousands are asking, What shall I read? The books here reviewed, the beauties of which are pointed out by a master critic, are books for the boy, the girl, the young man, the young woman, for both sexes, and for all periods of life.

For want of space, we mention but a few of the authors whose works are reviewed by Foulke, as follows: Rabelais, Cervantes, Le Sage, Defoe, Swift, Fielding, Johnson, Sterne, Goldsmith, Goethe, Chateaubriand, Austen, Irving, Scott,

Manzoni, Balzac, Dumas, Bronte, Dickens, Hawthorne, Thackery, Feuillet, Flaubert, Hugo, Eliot, Blackmore, Merimee, Dostoyevsky, Stevenson, Von Scheffel.

Although the book is handsomely issued, and makes a large volume, it is sold at a price within the reach of all,—at $1.25 the copy net. Books of similar classification, size, and expensiveness usually are sold at $2.50 the copy. It is a book that no student of literature, nor reader of literature, can afford to be without.

THE CAVALIER POETS, THEIR LIVES, THEIR DAY, AND THEIR POETRY. By Carl Holliday, M. A. Neale Publishing Company, New York, Publishers.

Most people read their poets—that is, their favorite poets—as they do their Bibles. Which is to say they read them in spots.

Go to the most othordox Christian home, take up the family Bible, and leave it to open itself while you hold it. What is the result? The book opens automatically at the Sermon on the Mount, the Parable of the Prodigal Son, Ecclesiastes, and somewhere among the Psalms.

Not one page in a thousand looks as if it had been fingered. More frequently, the Book presents the appearance of never being used at all.

Poets—the favorites, I mean—are treated in much the same manner. Those that are not favorites are never read: those that are favorites are read in favorite places.

The next time that you are in a library, examine a Milton, a Shakespeare, a Scott, a Byron, a Moore, a Longfellow, and look for evidences that they have been used.

If I am not badly mistaken, you will discover that nine-tenths of the pages have a virgin freshness which proves that they yet await a lover.

If that be the plight of "The Bards Sublime," what can we expect for those minor poets, who struck a lower note, and whose light has been obscured by the stars of the first magnitude?

Even the books which pretend to give us histories of Literature, often omit the names of these lesser luminaries.

Yet much of their verse is exquisite. And when we remember that the majority of the greater poets are remembered by a few of their shorter poems, we might very well encourage the inclination to loiter awhile in the flower gardens of these Minor Poets—for it seems that the minor poem is the one which has the better chance to survive.

Of "The Cavalier Poets" none was of the first class.

Robert Herrick was unquestionably the best of them all. Edmund Waller, perhaps, came next.

But Sir John Suckling was the most modern of them all, in that he wrote in the unconventional, free-and-easy style that we find in Lord Byron's letters. He broke entirely, with the artificial style of such poets as Waller, and dared to be **natural.**

These biographical sketches are admirable, and the selections from the works of the poets well chosen. The book is a treasure-house of historical fact, and of varied poesy.

It gives, in one volume of 360 pages, everything of real interest that has heretofore been buried in a score of dusty tomes.

The author and the publishers deserve the thanks of all lovers of literature for this most excellent book. T. E. W.

LEE AND LONGSTREET AT HIGH TIDE. By Helen D. Longstreet. Published by the Author, Gainesville, Ga.

A book indispensable to a thorough knowledge of one of the world's Decisive Battles.

The story of Gettysburg, as told in this magnificent book, is profoundly dramatic, vividly real, eternally impressive.

Like Napoleon, Lee was a masterly strategist: like Napoleon, he was not a master of tactics.

Like Napoleon, he fought his fatal battle in a field that called for tactics, and did not admit of strategy: like Napoleon at Waterloo, Lee at Gettysburg, neglected the strategic possibilities of the position, and delivered a face to face assault in the old way, and was beaten off, in the old way.

Really, that is the whole truth about both these two great Decisive Battles, Waterloo and Gettysburg.

Another similarity between the two great Captains on their two fatal fields is, that their ablest lieutentnts remonstrated with them, most earnestly and vainly, before the irretrievable mistake was made.

It was Marshal Soult who warned Napoleon that he could not, by a front attack, drive the English from the strong position which they had taken on Mount St. John,

It was General Longstreet who warned Lee that the Union troops could not be driven off the heights of Gettysburg, by direct assault.

And Lee treated the opinion of his second-in-command as contemptuously as Napoleon treated the opinion of Soult.

* * * *

Unquestionably the noble Lee uttered nothing but the simple truth when, after the great fight was lost, declared—**"This is all my fault."**

Never by look, word or line did he reproach any one for the crushing defeat,

unless we except Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, to whom Lee said, upon the tardy arrival of his brilliant cavalry commander—

"You are here at last General." .

The words "at last," imply a reproof which must have deeply stung the gallant Stuart, whose only weakness was that he was somewhat too fond of showy, spectacular "raids."

Had he been with Lee, before the attack at Gettysburg, he might, by reconnoissances, have made such discoveries of the nature of the ground occupied by the enemy as to have deterred Lee from ordering a front attack.

Neither Lee nor Napoleon knew the ground on which they impusively fought their two fatal battles.

* * * *

From the first battle of the Civil War to the last one, Longstreet was **there**, a tower of strength.

Moving with the regular precision of a law of nature, this strong figure moved in and out of the smoke of every bloody contest.

Next in command to Lee, he never failed his Chief; and on the night before Appomattox, he slept on his blanket within a few yards of the blanket of Lee. Nevertheless, there was a preconcerted effort, **after Lee's death**, to make Longstreet the scape-goat of Gettysburg—and therefore of the Confederacy's failure.

In her splendid book, the General's wodow—a most talented and courageous lady—overwhelmingly refutes her late husband's refamers and vindicates his military fame, triumphantly.

Mrs. Longstreet gives a biographical sketch of the General; and brief accounts of many other battles than Gettysburg.

She also tells a good deal about the war with Mexico, in which her late husband was engaged.

(The price of the volume is $2.50.)

Magazine Bargains—Send Us Your Order Today

ALL OUR CUSTOMERS ARE PLEASED ONES

WALKER'S is the leading SOUTHERN Subscription Agency, and can give you bargain prices on your magazines. Write for our large Catalogue. Contains thousands of the best offers.

Cosmopolitan
Pictorial Review or
Watson's Magazine } ***OUR PRICE $1.95***

Special club of WATSON'S MAGAZINE and THE JEFFERSONIAN both $1.75 a year

Special Agents for the Ladies' Home Journal, Saturday Evening Post and Country Gentleman. Price, each, $1.50 a year

Subscriptions accepted for all Magazines ***Send us your order***

Walker's Magazine Agency, 219 7th St., Augusta, Georgia

Her Hearing Has Been Restored

This illustration hypothetically represents a lady who has been deaf and who has been troubled with those awful buzzing or ringing noises in the head. Her hearing is restored and unnatural noises have ceased. She takes a walk in the open and is entranced by the singing of the birds, the chirping of the crickets, the humming of the bees and other sweet sounds of Nature. It is as if paradise were opened to her, for she realizes the ecstasy of the moment, and appreciates the full meaning of being able to hear perfectly. Truly joy has entered her life. A very interesting book has been written by a noted aurist in which he shows how deaf persons may be soon rid of their infirmity by a safe, simple home treatment. A copy of this book will be mailed free, by the author, Dr. George E. Coutant, 216 B, Station E, New York, N. Y. Write to him and he will cheerfully send it. His is a genuine method by which any man or woman may be cured at home. No drugging, no electric apparatus.

CLASSIFIED ADS.

HELP WANTED.

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK tells about over 360,000 protected positions in U. S. service. More than 40,000 vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Easy to get. Just ask for booklet A 836. No obligation. EARL HOPKINS, Washington, D. C.

INVESTMENTS.

FREE—INVESTING FOR PROFIT MAGAZINE. Send me your name and will mail you this magazine absolutely Free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere—get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest—$5 or more per month. Tells you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000—how to judge different classes of investments, the Real Earning Power of your money. This magazine six months Free if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, 458, 20 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

PATENT ATTORNEYS.

PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS, LABELS—Send for my new book. "How To Get Them." Invent something useful. There is money in practical inventions, whether large or small. Advice free. JOSHUA R. R. POTTS, Lawyer, 805 G. St., Washington; 140 Dearborn St., Chicago; 929 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Dr. Irvine K. Mott's Method of Kidney Treatment

restores cell function of the kidney not destroyed, arrests and prevents further spreading of the disease. His methods for treating kidney affections have been tested by the Cincinnati Post. A full detail of this investigation or test can be had by addressing him as below.

Dr. Mott is a graduate of a Cincinnati medical college, class 1883, and afterward took instructions abroad, later becoming a specialist and investigator of kidney diseases. For nearly twenty years he has revealed to science that kidney diseases can be checked, the patient restored to normal weight and enabled to resume work.

The following is a statement from Dr. Mott: "My method is intended to arrest the disease, even though it has destroyed most of the kidney, and to preserve intact that portion not yet destroyed. The medicines I use are for the purpose of neutralizing the poisons that form a toxine that destroys the cells in the tubes of the kidneys, and my success in the treatment of kidney diseases is enough to convince physician and patient alike, that science has mastered a hitherto 'incurable disease, physiologically speaking.'" Dr. Mott invites the afflicted to send their symptoms and to ask for his free expert opinion. He will send you his essay on kidney troubles.

Correspondence should be directed to

IRVINE K. MOTT, M. D.
323 Mitchell Building, - CINCINNATI, O.

Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful

Whirling Spray
Marvel Douche

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

MARVEL CO., 44 E. 22d St., New York

A Fearful Revenge.—"Don't you think it is dastardly to send a man an infernal machine?" asked Jones, while motoring with Brown.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Brown, as the car gave a dying groan, half-way up the hill. "If I had an enemy, I'd send him this one."—Judge.

Where Figures Fail.—"Suppose coal is six dollars a ton, and you gave your dealer thirty dollars, moy many tons would he send you?"

"Three."

"Oh, that's wrong."

"I know it's wrong, but that's what he done."—Life.

Primitive Christianity And Early Criticism

By A. S. GARRETSON

A book of negation that will interest and inform you. It is pleasing in diction and unique in arrangement.

This book contains much matter which has not before appeared in works of this character.

Cloth, 8vo, $1.60 delivered by mail.

Sherman, French & Co.
Publishers
6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

VENTRILOQUISM

Taught Any Man or Boy

by Mail at Home. This is no special gift as you have supposed, but an art. I have taught thousands in all parts of the world. Cost small. Send today, 2-cent stamp for particulars and proofs.

O. A. SMITH, Room R-36—823 Bigelow St., PEORIA, ILL.

In writing to advertisers please mention **Watson's.**

Soda crackers are extremely sensitive to moisture.

Before the advent of Uneeda Biscuit the only persons who ever tasted fresh, crisp soda crackers were the people in the bakeries.

Now that we have Uneeda Biscuit—we have perfectly baked soda crackers—perfectly kept.

No moisture can reach them—no contaminating influences can affect their flavor — their goodness is imprisoned only to be liberated by you for you when you open the package. Five cents.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

What "Socialists and Socialism" Is

First: A book of 158 pages.

Second: An exhaustive study of the subject.

Third: A thorough analysis and refutation of the "Bible of Socialism," Karl Marx' "Capital."

Fourth: An exposition of the causes which led to the inequalities of wealth, and a statement of the remedies which would restore conditions to an equitable basis.

Mr. Watson considers this book to be fully equal to anything that he has ever done. There is more of his wide reading, knowledge of history, his life-long experience, his reasoning power, and his prose poetry, in "Socialists and Socialism" than is contained in any of his literary works. Price, postpaid, 55c.

What "Bethany" Is

The town of Thomson covers the site of an old-time Baptist church which was named Bethany. No vestige of the ancient building remains. Only a few neglected graves mark the spot.

In describing Plantation life as he knew it, in picturing Thomson and its neighboring farms during the great Civil War, Mr. Watson chose the name of the old Baptist church for his book.

It is not only a love story of a young Confederate soldier, but is a thorough presentation of both sides of the controversy which ended in the mighty clash of arms. Price, cloth bound, postpaid, $1.31.

What the "Waterloo" Book Is

It is the most up-to-date description of the most dramatic battle in history.

Two of the greatest soldiers the world ever knew commanded two of the best armies that ever took the field.

The combat was one of the most Titanic that ever took place. And Napoleon had Wellington completely whipped, had not a fresh army of Prussians, under Blucher, struck him on the right flank. Then all was lost; and the clock of human progress in Europe was set back fifty years.

It is a thrilling story.

The book is bound in cloth. Price, postpaid, $1.10.

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
THOMSON, GEORGIA.

What Does This Roman Catholic Threat Mean?

In Brooklyn, New York, there is published a weekly paper named *The Tablet.*

It claims to be "the Catholic weekly of the Brooklyn diocese, represents 700,000 Catholics in Kings, Queens, Nassau and Suffolk Counties."

The first column of *The Tablet*—front page—carries the legend—

"THE CATHOLIC PULSE
By Valerian."

The sixth paragraph of this column reads thus:

"It must have been hard on General Miles when he stood on the stand for the unveiling of the Columbus statue in Washington, to see the Knights of Columbus pass by in parade.

"The swords of the fourth degree men must have convinced him that the order is but waiting the opportunity to cut a path for the Pope into the White House."

The issue which contains this amazingly insolent and threatening paragraph bears date June 15, 1912.

VOSE PIANOS have been established over 60 YEARS. By our sys of payments every family in moderate circumstances own a VOSE Piano. We take old instruments in change and deliver the new piano in your home free of expense. Write for C logue D and explanations. VOSE & SONS PIANO CO., Boston, Ma